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ZION SONGSTER:

A COLLECTION OF

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

GENERALLY SUNG AT

CAMP AND PRAYER MEETINGS,

AND IN

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

✓

COMPILED BY PETER D. MYERS.

And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders; and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. *Rev. xiv. 3.*

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE COMPILER.

NEW YORK:

J. S. REDFIELD,

CLINTON HALL.

1850.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1829, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Peter D. Myers, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:—

“The Zion Songster: a collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, generally sung at Camp and Prayer Meetings, and in Revivals of Religion. Compiled by Peter D. Myers.

“And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders; and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. *Rev. xiv. 3.*

“Third Edition, enlarged and improved.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an Act, entitled, “An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

FRED. J. BETTS,

Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

P R E F A C E.

THE Compiler of this book feels grateful to the Christian public for the favourable manner in which the former editions have been received.

He has been at considerable pains to improve it by introducing several Hymns not before published; and by expunging others which have fallen into general disuse. He has also added several others from Heber, Montgomery, &c. which have become popular since the publication of the former edition.

As singing is one of the employments of saints in this, as well as the next world, we should be spiritual in our devotions; and endeavour to retain a grateful sense of the mercies of God. It well becomes the Christian to be thankful. Let this incense be scattered with a liberal hand on all your sacrifices. Whatever benefits have been bestowed, or may be bestowed upon you, let them be acknowledged with praise and thanksgiving. While fighting the battles of the Lord, with

his two-edged sword in your hand, the high praises of God should be in your mouth. Satan abhors the praises of God; and the most powerful temptation is generally broken by giving glory to God, in affectionate praise. The thankful soul is always safe and happy.

The matter of singing is God's praise; for God is the King of all the earth, sing ye praises with understanding, Ps. xlvii. 7; and the manner with a loud voice, Sing aloud unto God our strength; make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob, Ps. lxxxi. 1, and thus imitate the life and gratitude of angelic beings.

In conclusion, the Compiler submits this new edition of his work in an improved style to the patronage of the public, confiding in its favourable reception by those who feel the cause of God at heart.

P. D. MYERS.

New York, Jan. 1834.

ZION SONGSTER:

HYMN 1. L. M.

1 **H**APPY the souls that first believ'd,
To Jesus and each other cleav'd;
Join'd by the unction from above,
In mystick fellowship o' love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They liv'd, and spoke, and thought the same:
They joyfully conspir'd to raise
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endu'd,
A pure, believing multitude;
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspir'd the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed Kings and Priests to God!

5 Where shall I wander now, to find,
Their imitators left behind?
The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
Are 'minish'd from the sons of men.

6 Ye different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ! or Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me where the Christians live.

7 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou, only, Lord, thine own canst show,
For sure thou hast a Church below.

- 8 The gates of hell cannot prevail;
 The church on earth can never fail:
 Ah, join me to thy secret ones!
 Ah, gather all thy living stones!
- 9 Scatter'd o'er all, the earth they lie,
 Till thou collect them with thine eye!
 Draw, by the music of thy name,
 And charm into a beauteous frame
- 10 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
 And cries in all thy banish'd ones;
 Greatest of gifts thy love impart,
 And make us of one mind and heart.
- 11 Join every soul that looks to thee
 In bonds of perfect charity;
 Now, Lord, the glorious fullness give,
 And all in all for ever live.

HYMN 2. P. M.

- 1 COME, ye that love my Lord and Master
 And like king David I will tell;
 Though chief of sinners, I found favour,
 By grace redeem'd from sin and hell.
- 2 Far as the East from West is parted,
 So far my sins, by precious blood,
 From me by faith are separated,
 Blest antepast of the joys above.
- 3 I late a stranger from Jesus wander'd,
 And thought each dang'rous poison good;
 But he in mercy and love pursu'd me,
 With cries of his redeeming blood.
- 4 But like Bartimeus I was blinded,
 In nature's darkest night conceal'd;
 But Jesus's kindness remov'd my blindness,
 And he his pard'ning love reveal'd.
- 5 Now I will praise him while he spares me,
 And with God's people sing aloud;
 Though hell oppose, and sinners mock me,
 With songs of rapture I'll praise my God.

- 6 By faith I join the heavenly concert,
 They sing aloud their Saviour's love;
 O! with desire my heart's on fire;
 Fain would I shout with those above.
- 7 The happy day is fast approaching
 When Christ in glorious clouds shall come,
 With sounding trumpets, and shouting angels,
 To take each faithful follower home.
- 3 There's Abra'm, Isaac, and all the prophets,
 With holy seraphs at God's right hand;
 There saints and angels join in concert,
 Shout as they enter the promis'd land.

HYMN 3. P. M.

- 1 **D**ANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
 Stephen's faith and spirit show;
 John's divine communion feel,
 Moses's meekness, Joshua's zeal:
 Run like the unwearied Paul,
 Win the day, and conquer all.
- 2 Mary's love may I possess,
 Lydia's tender heartedness;
 Peter's ardent spirit feel,
 James's faith by works reveal:
 Like young Timothy, may I
 Every sinful passion fly.
- 3 Job's submission may I show,
 David's true devotion know;
 Samuel's call, O, may I hear!
 Lazarus's happy portion share:
 Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
 All my new born soul inspire.
- 4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer
 Gideon's valiant steadfast care;
 Joseph's purity impart,
 Isaac's meditating heart:
 Abra'm's friendship may I prove,
 Faithful to the God I love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue
 That example Jesus drew;
 By my life, and conduct show,
 How he liv'd, and walk'd below:
 Day by day, through grace restor'd,
 Imitate my blessed Lord.

HYMN 4. P. M.

1 **W**HEN first my soul enlisted
 My Saviour's foes to fight,
 Mistaken friends insisted
 I was not arm'd aright:
 So Saul declar'd to David,
 He certainly would fail;
 Nor could his life be saved,
 Without a coat of mail.

2 But David, though he yielded
 To put the armour on,
 Soon found he could not wield it,
 And ventur'd forth with none:
 With only sling and pebble,
 He fought the fight of faith;
 The weapon seemed but feeble
 But prov'd Goliath's death.

3 Had I by him been guided,
 And quickly thrown away
 The armour men provided,
 I might have gain'd the day;
 But arm'd as they advis'd me,
 My expectation fail'd;
 My enemy surpris'd me,
 And almost had prevail'd.

4 Furnish'd with books and notions,
 And arguments and pride,
 I practis'd all my motions,
 And Satan's power defied;
 But soon perceiv'd with trouble,
 That these would do no good;

Iron to them is stubble,
And brass but rotten wood.

5 I triumph'd at a distance,
While he was out of sight,
But faint was my resistance,
When forc'd to join and fight:
He broke my sword in shivers,
And pierc'd my boasted shield,
Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
And drove me from the field.

6 Satan will not be braved
By such a worm as I;
Then let me learn, with David,
To trust in the Most High:
To plead the name of Jesus,
And use the sling of prayer;
Thus arm'd, when Satan sees us,
He'll tremble and despair.

HYMN 5. P. M.

1 **T**HIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but Heaven.

2 And false the light of glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,
There's nothing bright but Heaven.

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave are driven,
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to bright their troubled way;
There's nothing calm but Heaven.

4 And where's the light, held out to cheer
This heart with anguish riven;

Affliction's sigh, and sorrow's tear,
Have never found a refuge here,
There's nothing kind but Heaven.

5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss
Without their sins forgiven :
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace :
There's nothing good as Heaven.

6 From those who walk in wisdom's ways,
Corroding fears are driven ;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to Heaven.

HYMN 6. P. M.

1 **G** LORY to God that I have found the pearl of
my salvation ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground up
to our heavenly station,
And I'm resolved to follow on, and never to for-
sake him, [take him.
I'll always keep the narrow way, till I do over-
2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock, heirs of
immortal glory,
You're built upon the surest rock, the kingdom
lies before you ;
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss, and tell the
pleasing story,
I'm always with my little flock, and I'll bring them
home to glory.

HYMN 7. P. M.

1 **W** HAT happy children who wait on Jesus
Unto the house of prayer and praise,
And join in union, while love increases,
Resolved this way to spend our days.
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
And flesh, and such as know not God,

- Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We oft-times have on Canaan's road.
- 2 While we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
We felt some help come from above;
Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,
And long to be/dissolv'd in love.
Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in him for things to come,
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell, brethren, we are going home.
- 3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure
And ne'er enjoy God's lovely face.
Now here's my hand, and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love;
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
So farewell, brethren, till we meet above.

HYMN 8. P. M.

- 1 **T**HOU' nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At his command:
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And thro' the howling wilderness
My way pursue.
- 2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
- 3 There dwells the Lord our King
The Lord our Righteousness,

Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace :
 On Zion's sacred height,
 His kingdom still maintains ;
 And glorious with his saints in light,
 For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,
 He guards them by his side,
 Arrays in garments, white and pure
 His spotless bride ;
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of paradise,
 He still supplies.

5 The whole triumphant host,
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry :
 Hail, Abra'm's God and mine,
 I join the heav'nly lays ;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN 9. C. M.

1 **H**ASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
 When grace shall reign alone ;
 And all the nations of the world
 Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
 Press to the gospel sound ;
 And grace eternal sweetly shine,
 To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lord
 Raise Jesus's cross on high
 And, from a clear refulgent light,
 Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.

6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN 10. P. M.

1 **A**LTHOUGH despis'd by men,
A little feeble band,
Protection we obtain,
From the Redeemer's hand;
Though oft our foes would us devour,
We stand upheld by Jesu's power.

2 While on him we depend,
And truly fear his name,
He'll prove a faithful friend,
And ne'er put us to shame;
He'll guard us safe through all the way
To the fair climes of endless day.

3 Our shepherd leads us on,
While we obey his voice;
He guides us to his throne,
And in him we'll rejoice;
Though straight the way, we need not fear,
If to the end we persevere.

4 Christ is our leader call'd,
His name we love to bear,
This name we will extol,
While in his grace we share.
All party names we will disdain,
The glorious name of Christ maintain.

5 His doctrine too we'll prize,
This as our rule observe,
It is our only guide,
Therefrom we must not swerve;

This doctrine will arise on high,
When all the works of men shall die.

6 Ourselves we must deny,
And daily take our cross;
From every evil fly,
Or we shall suffer loss:
Till vict'ry we completely win,
We will maintain the war with sin.

7 Lord, when our hearts shall fail,
And early comforts die,
May thy rich grace prevail,
And bear our souls on high;
'There, while our glowing love shall flame,
Our deathless tongues shall praise thy name.

HYMN 11. P. M.

1 **B**URST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my enraptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sons of righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light!
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angelick trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne
Cry in reverential tones,

Glory be to God alone
Holy ! Holy ! Holy One.

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
Join we too the holy lays.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

HYMN 12. P. M.

1 **C**ALL'D to a sense of duty,
I would obey thy call,
And for the sake of Jesus,
I'd freely give up all ;
My former vain enjoyments,
Of pleasure, pride, and gain,
'That I in Jesus's kingdom,
A mansion may obtain.

2 How often have I struggled,
To hold some foolish sin ;
Yet to the heavenly kingdom
I meant to enter in.
But now I am persuaded
That nothing else will do,
But Jesus for my portion,
And holy joys pursue.

3 Let all the world's gay beauty,
With Satan's flattering bait,
With all their pride and grandeur,
Around my soul await :
The far superiour beauty,
Through faith, I see ahead ;
And I am bent upon it,
This holy way to tread.

4 Come, who will travel with me,
The road that leads to Heaven ?

And follow none but Jesus,
The way which he hath given ;
And take his word for counsel,
His Spirit for a guide ;
And make a full surrender
Of every thing beside.

5 Come on, my precious brethren,
And travel on with me ;
We'll seek for heavenly treasure,
Until we find the sea
Of sweet unbounded riches,
Of life, and love, and peace,
Where beauty never withers,
And glory ne'er shall cease.

6 What though the world reproach us,
And say we're mean or poor ;
No matter what we suffer,
So we but reach the shore :
'Twill make the glory sweeter,
And raise our praises higher ;
And we shall be completer,
When purified by fire.

HYMN 13. P. M.

1 **L**ET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace ;
Let saints in Heaven proclaim his praise,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

2 Kings, princes, potentates, and powers,
Rise from your ancient place,
And lay your glitt'ring honours by,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

3 Ye warriors lay your weapons down,
For wars and strife shall cease ;
Bow down to God's beloved Son,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

4 Ye islands of the sea rejoice,
Behold your near release !

Make to the Lord a joyful noise,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

5 Ye Indians of America,
Your glad hosannas raise,
Unite with injured Africa,
And crown him Prince of Peace.

HYMN 14. P. M.

1 **H**AIL the day so long expected,
Hail the year of full release ;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And the watchmen live in peace.
From the distant courts of Zion,
The shrill trumpet loudly roars.

CHORUS.

*Babylon is fallen, is fallen. is fallen,
Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.*

2 Hark, and hear the people crying,
See the city disappears ;
Trade and traffick all are dying,
Lo ! they sink to rise no more !
Merchants who have bought her traffick,
Crying from a distant shore.

3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
What is this that comes to pass ?
Murmuring like some distant thunder ;
Crying, O ! alas ! alas !
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor—

4 Lo, the captives are returning,
Up to Zion see them fly ;
While the heavenly host rejoices,
Shout them welcome through the sky ;
See the ancients of the city,
Terrified at the uproar—

5 Tune your harps, ye Heavenly choir,
Shout, ye followers of the Lamb ;

See the city all on fire,
 Clap your hands and blow the flame
 Now's the day of compensation,
 Hope of mercy now is o'er.

HYMN 15. P. M.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains,
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 16. P. M.

- 1 **T**HEY have gone to the land where the
Patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders display'd.
- 2 To the land where the Saviour of sinners once
trod;
Where he labour'd, and languish'd, and bled;
Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended to
God,
As he captive captivity led.
- 3 They go to the land where the Indians now
dwell,
Impell'd by the love of their Lord;
His love to proclaim, and His mercy to tell,
As reveal'd in his excellent word.
- 4 "Thy blessing go with them—O, be thou their
shield,
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
O, Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
In mercy, and might, from on high."

HYMN 17. P. M.

- 1 **H**AIL the blest morn when the great Me
diator,
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.*

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall,

- Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
 Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,
 Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the
 ocean;
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 mine.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold we his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

HYMN 18. P. M.

THE PREACHER'S ADIEU.

- 1 **A** DIEU, my dear brethren, adieu,
 Reluctant I give you my hand,
 No more to assemble with you,
 Till we on mount Zion shall stand.
 My heart swells with tender regret
 To leave your embraces so soon,
 Though heaven my course must direct,
 And others succeed in my room.
- 2 Your acts of benevolence past,
 Your gentle compassionate love,
 Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last,
 Though far from your sight I remove.
 While roving the wilds of the west,
 When through foreign regions I steer,
 Still friendship inspiring my breast,
 Shall then drop her own native tear.
- 3 Our labours will shortly subside,
 For vigour and life must decay,
 But wisdom and truth shall abide,
 To pilot our souls on the way.
 As time rolls his seasons around,
 And truth shall new teachers inspire,

O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.

4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,
Till mortal commotions are past,
Till nature and time are no more,
Or we are in paradise blest.

Sweet comforting spirit draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays,
My parting reflections to cheer,
And change lamentation to praise.

5 O may we conform to his will,
Aspiring for glory and peace,
Our covenant vows to fulfil,
Till Jesus shall sign our release.
Till suddenly wafted above,
Where saints in sweet harmony meet,
To feel all the pleasures of love,
And each happy conqueror greet.

HYMN 19. P. M.

1 **C**AMP-MEETINGS with thy presence crown,
And show'r, O Lord, thy blessings down;
Fill every heart with holy zeal,
And all thy righteousness reveal.

2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,
And all our various movements guide:
The praying companies attend,
And show thyself the sinner's friend.

3 Pour out thy Spirit on thy sons,
And visit thy anointed ones;
May every virgin trim her lamp,
And glory rest upon our camp.

4 May prayer and praise united rise,
Like holy incense to the skies;
In all our hosts display thy power!
May souls be born again this hour!

HYMN 20. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy, how joyful, how loving I feel,
I want to feel more love, yea. more love
and zeal,
I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience, I well may endure.
- 2 I want to be little, more simple, more mild,
More like my bless'd Master, and more like a
child,
More watchful, more pray'rful, more lowly in
mind,
More thankful, more gentle, more loving and
kind.
- 3 I want to have wisdom that comes from above,
I want my heart fill'd with the purest of love ;
I want my faith stronger, my anchor, hope, sure,
And like a good soldier, all hardness endure.
- 4 I want to be stripped of all human pride ;
All malice and anger I would lay aside ;
From sin and from bondage I want to be free,
And live, my dear Saviour, live only like thee.
- 5 While suff'ring, enduring, in duty believe,
Forgiving, if any my spirit should grieve ;
Rememb'ring at all times what Jesus did say,
And set out anew, and begin every day.
- 6 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where nothing will enter, to rust nor corrupt ;
Where no thief, nor robber, will venture or dare,
My heart and my treasure, I want should be there.
- 7 My faith, and my hope, and my love, and my
zeal,
I want them deep-rooted, and inwardly feel ;
My light I want clear, that beholders may see,
How faith and good works in sweet union agree.
- 8 My union I want with the Father and Son,
I want that perfected which grace hath begun,

With love and sweet union, that soothes ev'ry
care ;

And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

9 Come love and sweet union, to thee I do call,
I want to feel more love, yea, more love to all ;
O come, my beloved, come, hasten to me,
And fill up my vessel, full as it can be.

10 Come, brethren and sisters, both aged and
youth,

And all who are willing to walk in the truth,
Come, fill up your vessel with union and love,
And on our bless'd journey we'll joyfully move.

11 When time is no more, then from earth we'll
remove,

To dwell in the regions of pure light and love,
With Jesus, our Saviour, and all holy men,
We'll sing hallelujahs for ever, Amen.

HYMN 21. P. M.

1 **S**ITTING by the streams that glide
Down by Babel's towering wall ;
With our tears we swell the tide,
While our mournful thoughts recall,
Thee, O Zion, and thy fall.

2 On the willows there we hung
Our neglected harps on high,
Silent, useless, and unstrung,
Strangers now to harmony,
Once our bus'ness and our joy.

3 Then our proud, triumphant foes,
Haughty, insolent, and gay,
Call for musick in our woes,
Sing us some sweet Hebrew lay,
Sacred to some holy day.

4 Cruel foes, t' insult us so,
Sunk so deep in helpless grief,
Sighs and tears to vent our wo,

Now our only poor relief,
 To the charms of musick deaf
 5 O Jerusalem! O, thy fate!
 Wounds my bleeding heart so deep,
 Let my trembling hands forget
 How the tuneful lyre to sweep,
 When for thee I cease to weep.

HYMN 22. P. M.

1 **F**ROM whence does this union arise,
 That hatred is conquer'd by love?
 It fastens our souls with such ties,
 That distance and time can't remove:
 It cannot in Eden be found,
 Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
 It grows in Immanuel's ground,
 And Jesu's dear blood did it cost.
 2 My friends are so dear unto me!
 Our souls so united in love!
 Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
 In yonder blest mansions above.
 Oh! why then so loth for to part,
 Since there we shall soon meet again;
 Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
 At a distance we cannot remain.
 3 And when we shall see that bright day
 And join with the angels above,
 Set free from our prison of clay,
 United in Jesus's love;
 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see,
 And sing hallelujahs, amen;
 Amen! even so let it be.

HYMN 23. P. M.

THE pure testimony put forth in the Spirit,
 Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword,

And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
 Because they're condemn'd by the word.
 The pure testimony discovers the dross,
 While wicked professors make light of the cross,
 And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2 Is not the time come for the church to be
 gather'd

Into the one spirit of God;
 Baptiz'd by one Spirit, into the one body,
 Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood;
 They drink in one Spirit, which makes them all
 see,
 They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be,
 The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
 And let the world hear it again;

O come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
 And make your way over the plain.
 Come, wash all your robes in the blood of the
 Lamb,

And walk in the Spirit, as Jesus has done,
 In the pure testimony you will overcome.

4 The world will not persecute those who are
 like them,

But hold them the same as their own;
 The pure testimony cries out separation,
 Which calls you your lives to lay down;
 Come out from their spirit and practices too;
 The track of the Saviour keep full in your view,
 The pure testimony will cut its way through.

5 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
 The armies are gathering round;

The pure testimony and vile persecution,
 Will come to close battle ere long;
 Then gird on your armour ye saints of the Lord,
 And he will direct you by his living word;
 The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

6 The great prince of darkness is mustering his
 forces,
 To make you his pris'ners again,
 By slander, reproaches, and vile persecution,
 That you in his cause may remain ;
 But shun his temptations wherever they lay,
 And fear not his servants whatever they say ;
 The pure testimony will give you the day.

HYMN 24. P. M.

1 **T**HE pure testimony is not to establish
 The selfish inventions of men ;
 The systems of parties it never advances,
 Nor seeks worldly honour nor gain ;
 'Tis moor'd in the temple in each holy soul,
 And then into words in a torrent doth roll,
 In love to the hearers, including the whole.

2 No system of doctrine is by it establish'd,
 Excepting the doctrine of love ;
 To love God supremely, and love to one's neigh-
 bour,
 The pure testimony approves ;
 The pure testimony holds nothing beside,
 The doctrines of devils and men can't abide,
 The pure testimony which lays them aside.

3 No vain ceremonies in pure testimony,
 It always puts forth its own forms ;
 'Tis nowise dependant on letter instruction,
 Nor what worldly wisdom performs :
 It holds nothing else, but Christ Jesus for all,
 The only foundation which never can fall,
 The precious Redeemer in every soul.

4 The pure testimony has uniting power,
 To gather the churches alone :
 Without any movements of worldly upbuilding,
 The saints are united in one ;

It gives all directions what course to pursue,
And teaches each member what part he must do:
And love knows no party, but those who love too.

5 The pure testimony has no selfish movements,
It stands independent of men ;
It seeks to exalt nothing else but a Saviour,
And bends all its force against sin ;
It holds nothing else ; a Redeemer for men,
But Jesus within them, to save them from sin
Commending a present salvation in him.

6 Now this is the pure testimony of Jesus,
And his ancient witnesses too ;
Which gives men instruction, how they must be
saved,
With no other object in view ;
Let this testimony abound and prevail,
Let love conquer hatred, and selfishness fall ;
The pure testimony says, Jesus is all.

HYMN 25. P. M.

1 **H**OW happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace !
How pure the bliss they share !
Hid from the world, and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours ;
And if we love with all our pow'rs
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with heart sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

3 But ah ! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonour us within,
Farewell the joy we knew ;
Again the slaves of nature's sway,
In labyrinths of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clue.

4 The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
 The gracious Spirit they receive,
 His work distinctly trace,
 And strong in undissembling love,
 Boldly assert, and clearly prove,
 Their hearts his dwelling-place.

HYMN 26. P. M.

1 **M**AN, at his first creation, in Eden God did
 place,
 The public head and father of all the human race ;
 'Twas by the subtle serpent he was beguil'd and
 fell,
 And thro' his disobedience, was doom'd to death
 and hell.

2 Death was pronounc'd against him, death was
 the penalty ;
 The law of God was broken, and must fulfilled
 be,

But man, the helpless creature, unable to perform
 The smallest jot or tittle, to build his hopes upon.

3 Whilst, in this situation, behold the promise
 made,
 The offspring of the woman shall bruise the ser-
 pent's head,
 Destroy the pow'rs of darkness, that man should
 only feel

The malice of the serpent, a raging at his heel.

4 The scripture it was given in spirit and in
 truth,

In darksome types and shadows the Saviour was
 set forth ;

Its sacrifice and off'rings, was on the altar slain,
 No blood of goats and heifers can take away the
 stain.

5 Lo ! at the time appointed, Jesus unveil'd his
 face,

Assum'd our human nature, and suffer'd in our
 place ;

He suffered on Mount Calvary—yes, there he ransom'd me,
The law demands attention to pay the penalty.

6 With rugged thorns they pierc'd, and nail'd him
to the tree,

All nature seem'd to mourn, to behold the cruelty ;
But justice cried against him, come pay the sinner's due,

The debt you've undertaken, you therefore must
go through.

7 They plac'd him in a sepulchre, it being near at
hand ;

The grave it could not hold him, nor death's cold
iron band ;

He burst the bars asunder, he pull'd their kingdom
down,

He overcame his enemies, and wears a starry
crown.

8 Now at his resurrection, to Mary he appear'd,
Go, tell to my disciples, what you have seen and
heard ;

Go, tell them I am risen, and death can do no
more.

I'm going to my Father, to live for evermore.

9 He came to his disciples, and found them all
alone,

And gave them their commission, to make his
gospel known ;

Go, preach it to all nations, baptize them in my
name,

Beginning at Jerusalem, 'twas there I suffer'd
shame.

10 Go, preach it to all nations, that they may hear
and know,

Go, publish free salvation, that men to Heaven
may go ;

In ev'ry sore temptation, you succour I will send,
And lo ! I will be with you, until the world shall
end.

HYMN 27. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come :
She shall arise and shine on high,
Clear as the morning sun.
The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King who bears the golden crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below.
When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King,
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.
- 3 The holy bright musician band,
Shall tune their harps of gold,
With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold.
Descending with such melting strains,
Jehovah's name adore :
Such notes thro' earth's extensive plains,
Were never heard before !
- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Ye fiends of darkness fly,
Tho' saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh ;
He is their shield—their hiding-place,
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.
- 5 The crystal streams run down from Heav'n,
They issue from the throne,
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one.

That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love ;
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above !

HYMN 28. P. M.

1 **C**OME, my Christian friends and brethren,
Bound for Canaan's happy land ;
Come, unite and walk together,
Christ the Saviour gives command.

2 Lay aside all party spirit,
Slight your Christian friends no more ;
Come, unite, through Jesus's merit,
Zion's peace again restore.

3 We'll not bind our brother's conscience,
This to God alone is free,
Nor contend for non-essentials,
But in Christ united be.

4 Here's the word, the grand criterion,
This shall all our doctrines prove :
Christ, the centre of our union,
And the bond is Christian love.

5 Here's my hand, my heart, and spirit,
Now in fellowship I'll give,
Now we love and peace inherit,
Show the world how Christians live.

6 Now we're one in Christ, our Saviour,
Male or female, bond or free ;
Christ is all in all for ever,
And we're happy, Lord, in thee.

HYMN 29. C. M.

1 **A**S Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now ;
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let him go.

2 Like Jacob, I am weak and faint,
And overwhelm'd with wo ;

Lord, hear, and pity my complaint,
For I'll not let thee go.

3 I come, encourag'd by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show ;
Unless thou bless me, dearest Lord,
I will not let thee go.

4 I come, to ask forgiveness free,
Though I have been thy foe ;
Unless thou grant it, Lord, to me,
I will not let thee go.

5 I come, to open all my wounds,
My sorrows and my wo ;
Unless thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.

6 I come, thy promises to plead,
Where love and mercy flow ;
Unless thou bless me, Lord, indeed,
I will not let thee go.

7 I come, to give thee this vile heart,
Which sin has mangled so ;
Unless salvation thou impart,
I will not let thee go.

8 I come, to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow,
Unless the blessing, Lord, I prove,
I will not let thee go.

9 Thus will I wrestle, while I live,
A pilgrim here below ;
And when in glory I arrive,
I will not let thee go.

HYMN 30. P. M.

1 **W**HEN shall we all meet again ?
When shall we all meet again ?

Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 31. P. M.

1 **T**HE Song of Salvation it is so divine,
There's musick and melody in ev'ry line:
It was sung by the Hebrews when deliv'rance
they found,
When old Simeon finds Jesus, sweet praises doth
sound.

2 There is a day coming when louder we'll sing,
Sweet anthems of praises to Jesus our King;
Then we shall mount up from all sorrow and
pain,
The Kingdom of Heaven eternally gain.

3 O sinners, we're travelling to yonder bright
world,
From which, by transgression, the angels were
hurl'd,
We bid you a final, eternal farewell:—
Unless you're converted, you'll sink down to hell.

4 Awake, O poor sinners, awake from your sin,
To call on your Saviour this moment begin;
But if you neglect it again and again,
When God speaks your sentence we must say—
Amen.

HYMN 32. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E angels, who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known;
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
- 2 He form'd you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.
- 3 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat:
- 4 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
 He ransom'd from death and despair;
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 5 Oh, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong!
- 6 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,
 I struggle and pant to be free;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see!
- 7 I want to put on my attire,
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name.

HYMN 33. P. M.

- 1 **C**AMP-MEETINGS with success are crown'd,
 The wilderness and barren ground
 Now blossom as the rose;

The spices yield a rich perfume,
The rising lilies kindly bloom,
And heavenly wisdom grows.

2 The num'rous praying, preaching host,
Baptized with the Holy Ghost,
The heavenly standard raise ;
They preach, and pray, and sweetly sing,
And hills, and fields, and valleys ring
With the Creator's praise.

3 Now sinners turning to the Lord,
And falling down beneath the word,
For mercy loudly cry ;
But when they taste his pard'ning love,
And feel the witness from above
They rise and shout for joy.

4 To him who does our hearts inspire,
Baptizes all our souls with fire,
And makes us meet for heaven ;
To Christ the Lord, who reigns on high,
Who rules the ocean, earth, and sky,
Be endless praises given.

HYMN 34. L. M.

1 **A** HIGHWAY hath the Lord made known,
Through Jesus Christ his own dear Son,
I am, saith he, the truth, the way,
All other paths lead you astray.

2 If in this road you wish to be,
Take up your cross and follow me ;
Deny yourself of ev'ry lust,
And in me truly put your trust.

3 The way is difficult and straight,
Narrow the road to heaven's gate ;
And if you hope to enter in,
You must be separate from sin.

4 No stranger shall proceed therein,
 No lovers of the world and sin,
 Nothing unholy or unclean,
 Shall in this holy way be seen.

5 No! nothing shall go up thereon,
 But the redeem'd, and them alone,
 Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
 Shall only in this way be found.

6 No vulture's eye nor beast of prey,
 Hath seen this little narrow way,
 No lion's whelp hath trod the road
 That leads the pilgrims home to God.

7 It was cast up for the redeem'd,
 And for them only to walk in,
 Then let us strive to watch and pray,
 And walk in Christ the living way.

8 That when we've run the heavenly race,
 Then may we see him face to face;
 And hear him say, Come in thou bless'd,
 And in my kingdom ever rest.

HYMN 35. P. M.

1 **C**HILD of prosperity,
 Nursling of vanity,
 Slave of preferment, of wealth and renown,
 Does love smooth thy pillow,
 Is hush'd each rude billow
 Of care in thy breast, is thy wretchedness flown.

2 Is sm'ing contentment
 Thy constant attendant,
 Does happiness place her green wreaths on thy
 brow?
 And joy raise thy bosom,
 With heart-felt emotion,
 And chase from thy vision each prospect of wo.

3 Ah, no! wealth and grandeur
 And titles of honour,

- Can never impart a sweet calm to the mind;
 All, all is commotion,
 Their pleasure a notion,
 They leave no enjoyment, or comfort behind.
- 4 Then haste to the mountain,
 Where flows from its fountain,
 The streams of enjoyment, unmingled with care;
 The Eden of pleasure,
 A permanent treasure,
 The harbour of rest, for no billows are there.
- 5 Your peace like a river,
 For ever and ever,
 Shall glide undisturb'd in its channel along,
 To that blissful region,
 Where dove-eyed religion,
 Invites you—O! haste,—for she beckons you on.

HYMN 36. C. M.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue;
 Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
 For I must go with you.
- 2 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
 "My ev'ry pleasant sweet;
 "Hinder me not," my soul replies,
 "Because the way is great."
- 3 "Stay," Satan, my old master, cries,
 "Or force shall thee detain;"
 "Hinder me not, I will begone,
 "My God hath broke thy chain."
- 4 Through floods and flames if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes;
 "Hinder me not" shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 5 Through duty, and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command;
 "Hinder me not," for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

- 6 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
"Hinder me not," come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN 37. L. M.

- 1 **L**ET others, wrapt in self-conceit,
Boast in their wisdom and their wit :
Let them extol their gold and dross,
I'll glory in my Saviour's cross.
- 2 While the self-righteous, blind, and rude,
Cry up their native rectitude,
I'll seek revenge on all my pride ;
And boast in Jesus crucifi'd.
- 3 While they, with curses on their heads,
Talk of their justice and their deeds,
I choose to sit at Jesu's feet,
And self-abasement is my seat.
- 4 Hither I'm brought by sov'reign grace,
I bless the means, and love the place,
I bid all earthly joys be gone,
And glory in my Lord alone.
- 5 Here I could tarry night and day,
Here could my soul forever stay ;
O may I never, never rove,
Nor glory, but in Christ, my love.

HYMN 38. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E Jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze ;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction.
To Zion city bound.

- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
 The purchase of his blood,
 Who feed among the lilies,
 Beside the purple flood;
 Go on ye happy pilgrims,
 Your journey still pursue,
 And at an humble distance,
 I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 When I beheld your order,
 And harmony of soul,
 And heard divinest numbers,
 In pure devotion roll;
 And gems immortal glowing,
 With such enliv'ning grace,
 I view'd the Saviour's image
 Impress'd on ev'ry face.
- 4 Speak often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind;
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion join'd:
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies;
 Take courage, brother pilgrims,
 And soon you'll win the prize.
- 5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
 In that auspicious day,
 When I make up my jewels,
 Releas'd from cumbrous clay;
 He'll polish and refine you
 From worthless dross and sin,
 And to his heav'nly kingdom
 Will bid you enter in.
- 6 On that important morning,
 When roaring thunders sound,
 And nimble lightnings waving,
 Shall wing the gloom profound;
 Lift up your heads rejoicing,
 And clap your joyful hands,

Lo ! you're redeem'd for ever
From death's corrupted bands.

7 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill,
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill ;

In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of Ages,
Amid the promis'd land.

8 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures,
Be lost in love profound :
While all the heav'nly harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 39. P. M.

1 **W**HEN Hannah, press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in prayer,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there ;
Like her, in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad ;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad ;
In trouble what a resting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace.

3 Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour ;
The saints from age to age,
Are safe from all their power ;
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at a throne of grace.

4 Eli her case mistook,
 How was her spirit mov'd
 By his unkind rebuke ?
 But God her cause approv'd :
 We need not fear a creature's face,
 While welcome at the throne of grace.

5 She was not fill'd with wine,
 As Eli rashly thought ;
 But with a faith divine,
 She found the help she sought :
 Though men despise, and call us base,
 Still let us ply the throne of grace.

6 Numbers before have tri'd,
 And found the promise true ;
 Nor has one been deni'd,
 Then why should I or you ?
 Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
 And hasten to the throne of grace.

HYMN 40. P. M.

1 **T**HE love which caus'd the light to shine,
 To bring this world to order ;
 That love which blesseth men in time,
 With air, and fire, and water.
 That love which bears with wicked men,
 In all the wide creation,
 Is the same love which mov'd the Lamb
 To die for our salvation.

2 That love which fills the hosts above
 With perfect consolation,
 Among us fallen souls it moves,
 In infinite compassion :
 And when the Lamb pour'd out his blood,
 All nature made confession ;
 Earth, rocks, and graves proclaim aloud
 Its power to save creation.

3 Thus love and goodness sheds its worth,
 To save us from destruction ;

'Twas love that sent the Apostles forth
To give the world instruction :
The Holy Spirit on them came,
On Pentecost's sweet hour ;
And churches were imbodied then
By love's uniting power.

4 They, by one spirit were baptiz'd
Into a heavenly union !
They ate and drank the love of Christ,
And this was their communion.
Having a purifying hope,
It gave them consolation,
And in this love they were built up,
A spiritual habitation.

5 Let us be followers of them,
And walk in imitation
Of such examples as pertain
To goodness and salvation ;
Love one another all you can,
In love which self abases ;
O let the love of Jesus reign,
And fill the church with praises.

6 Let self and hatred quit the ground.
And pride, and all distraction ;
Let heavenly charity abound,
The bond of good perfection :
And every one who hath this good,
And follows Jesus hearty,
Unites with all the saints of God,
Without regard to party.

7 Let party selfishness depart,
And leave the church for ever ;
Let Jesu's love in every heart
Unite the saints together ;
Let Jesu's love in every soul
Be held as a criterion ;
Let every thing throughout the whole,
Abide by this decision.

8 Let sinners now behold this love,
 And hear the proclamation,
 That Jesus in compassion moves,
 To give their souls salvation ;
 Let all the world believe the sound,
 And seek the great salvation :
 Let Jesu's love in all abound,
 And fill the whole creation.

HYMN 41. P. M.

1 COME, all ye Zion travellers,
 Come, let us join in praise ;
 Ye ransom'd now returning,
 To Christ your voices raise :
 Now crown'd with joy and gladness,
 Let sorrows flee away,
 And praise the Lord, that brought us
 To see this happy day.

2 The watchmen of Jerusalem
 Stand on her walls around,
 With harmony unceasing
 They swell the solemn sound :
 So pure is their intention,
 While eye to eye they see,
 Of Jesus they make mention,
 To sinners night and day.

3 See prejudice subsiding,
 And vanishing around,
 While discord and dissension
 Are falling to the ground :
 The humble-hearted pilgrims
 The sweets of union prove,
 And sinners stand amazed,
 To see how Christians love.

4 No trifling non-essentials
 Disjoin our loving hearts,
 We drink into one spirit,
 And never more will part ;

All wicked men and devils
Exert their power in vain,
Since Christ hath us united,
No power can make us twain.

5 See stubborn sinners falling,
Like men in battle slain ;
For mercy loudly calling,
Nor do they call in vain ;
For soon they find redemption
In the atoning blood,
And feel a free salvation
Flow from a pard'ning God.

6 Poor formal, dead professors,
Stand gazing at the scenes ;
Amazed and perplexed,
They know not what it means :
They call it wild disorder,
Nor will they with us join ;
Alas ! they never felt,
The force of truth divine.

7 But let the world despise us,
While Jesus is our friend,
We care not who revile us,
He will our cause defend ;
Nor honour, wealth, or pleasure,
Shall our affections share ;
We have a precious Saviour,
For nothing else we care.

8 Come, you who're bound for glory
And give me your right hand,
Who've turn'd your back on Satan,
And join'd the little band ;
I pray you hold out faithful,
And then your crown is sure,
You'll reign with Christ your Saviour
In bliss for evermore.

HYMN 42. P. M.

- 1 **W**HATEVER disasters of nature
Upon the believer may fall,
His treasure in God is much greater,
He cheerfully smiles at them all.
- 2 He soon by experience discovers
That this is the Gospel design,
The more that he righteously suffers,
By so much the brighter he'll shine.
- 3 The more that the flesh is debased,
And mortified down by distress,
The higher the soul shall be raised,
And so much more glory possess.
- 4 Then where's the foundation for sorrow?
So long as my faith's to obey;
I need not take thought for the morrow,
But just do my duty to-day.
- 5 Along the true path of obedience,
My feet shall be swift as the hind,
And those are the uppermost regions
That I am concerned to find.
- 6 Upon these high places I travel,
And here I'm preserv'd from the beast,
And neither the world, flesh, nor devil,
Can injure my soul in the least.

HYMN 43. C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, to Pisgah's height,
And view the promis'd land;
And see by faith the glorious sight,
Our heritage at hand;
A land where pure enjoyments dwell,
And blessings most divine;
Where saints their highest notes shall swell,
And in bright glory shine.
- 2 There endless springs of pleasure flow,
At my Redeemer's side,

For all who live in faith below,
And in their Lord confide ;
Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood ;
And fields, adorn'd in living green,
The residence of God.

3 O, could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear,
My bark would every tempest brave,
For O ! my Shepherd's near,
T' enrich my soul with fresh supplies,
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
With courage then I'll win the prize,
And reign with him above.

4 Though death's cold waves compass me round,
And heavy tempests roar ;
My little bark in safety's found,
For Jesus guides me o'er :
Should storms of grief and sorrow blow
On this devoted breast ;
My Saviour's love shall guard me through
To everlasting rest.

5 My conflicts here shall soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns,
Through toils and death I'll reach at last
Fair Canaan's happy plains.
The lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay ;
And then my happy soul shall sail,
To everlasting day.

HYMN 44. L. M.

1 **B**ELIEVING followers of the Lamb,
Hark to his word, and bless his name ;
Your bodies if in him you trust,
Are temples of the Holy Ghost.

2 Let this important solemn truth,
Dwell in your minds in age and youth.

That if in God you live the most,
You're temples of the Holy Ghost.

3 As such let all your conduct be,
From lust, and pride, and folly free ;
Remember what your bodies lost,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

4 Let gravity and holiness,
A modest, plain, and decent dress,
And Christ's bright robes adorn you most,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

5 Let Christ's example be in view—
Be this the pattern you pursue ;
'Think, as his body, so your's must
Be temples of the Holy Ghost.

6 Ere long your happy change will come,
And death will bring you to the tomb,
And Christ will guard your sleeping dust,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

7 When the last trumpet shakes the skies,
Bright in his image you shall rise,
And joyful join the heavenly hosts,
As temples of the Holy Ghost.

HYMN 45. C. M.

1 **W**HAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze.

2 Ah, those are of a royal line,
All children of a King.
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo ! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd.

- 4 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why that's the way their leader trod,—
They love to keep his ways.
- 5 Why do they shun the pleasing path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.
- 6 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

HYMN 46. S. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, ev'ry heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing, how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue ;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
" Ye blessed children come ;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of *Moses and the Lamb*.

HYMN 47. C. M.

- 1 **I** **N**QUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Oh, come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there ;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer !
- 4 Oh, come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands ;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

HYMN 48. C. M.

- 1 **A** **M** I a soldier of the Cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord ;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die ;

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,

In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 49. P. M.

1 **T**HE Christians of old, united in one,
As sheep in a fold were never alone ;
As birds of a feather they flock'd to their nest,
And shelter'd together in Jesus's breast.

2 However employ'd, their joy was the same ;
They never were cloy'd in hymning the Lamb ;
Their sole recreation to sing of his praise,
And publish salvation by Jesus's grace.

3 Small learning they had, and wanted no more,
Not many could read, but all could adore :
No help from the College or School they receiv'd,
Content with his knowledge in whom they believ'd.

4 No riches had they, but riches of grace ;
No fondness for play, or passion for praise :
No moments of leisure for trifling employs,
Possess of the treasure in God to rejoice.

5 Men in their own eyes were children again,
And children were wise and solid as men :
The women were fearful of nothing but sin,
Their hearts were all cheerful, their consciences clean.

6 Wrapt up in their Lord, his service and love,
They liv'd and ador'd, like angels above ;
To keep in his favour their lives they laid down,
And now with their Saviour inherit the crown.

HYMN 50. PART 2.

- 1 **O** WHERE are the men with virtue en-
dow'd,
To live as did then the servants of God ?
The ancient example, who shows us again,
Courageous to trample on pleasure and pain ?
- 2 O Jesus, on us the blessing bestow,
Us little ones choose thy glory to show ;
In this generation thy witness raise ;
The heirs of salvation, the vessels of grace.
- 3 Accept our desire, and give us thy love,
Thy children inspire with faith from above ;
Purge out the old leaven, and early convert,
And open a heaven of grace in our heart.
- 4 Begotten again and principled right,
Good works to maintain, and walk in thy light ;
We then shall recover that vigour of grace,
And gladly live over those primitive days.
- 5 Our moments below shall pleasantly glide,
While nothing we know but Christ crucified ;
Our whole conversation in songs shall approve,
Thy wonderful passion, thy ransoming love.
- 6 And if we must win the crown, like our God,
And strive against sin resisting to blood,
We more than victorious o'er death shall arise ;
All happy and glorious with Christ in the skies.

HYMN 51. P. M.

- 1 **L**UKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,
See what hosts your camp surround,
Arm to battle, lag no longer,
Hark ! the silver trumpets sound.
Wake, ye sleepers, wake ! what mean you ?
Sin besets you round about,
Up and search, the world's within you,
Slay or chase the traitor out.

- 2 What enchants you, sloth or pleasure ?
 Pluck right eyes—with right hands part !
 Ask your conscience where's your treasure ?
 For be certain there's your heart :
 Give the fawning foe no credit,
 See the bloody flag unfurl'd ;
 That base heart, the truth hath said it,
 Loves not God, that loves the world.
- 3 God and mammon ! O, be wiser,
 Serve them both ! it cannot be ;
 Ease in warfare, saint and miser,
 These can never well agree :
 Shun the shame of basely falling,
 Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay,
 Prove your faith, make sure your calling,
 Wield the sword, and win the day.
- 4 Onward press toward perfection,
 Watch and pray and all things prove ;
 Seek to know your own election,
 Set your hearts on things above ;
 Shun backsliding, scorn dissembling,
 Lo ! salvation's near in view ;
 Work it out with fear and trembling ;
 'Tis your God that works in you.

HYMN 52. P. M.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed !
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;

- To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down, like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace the herald go,
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is—Love.

HYMN 53. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE time is soon coming by the prophets
 foretold,
 When Zion in purity the world shall behold ;
 When Jesus's pure testimony will gain the day,
 Denomination's selfishness will vanish away.
- 2 It will then be discover'd who for Jesus will be,
 And who are in Babylon the saints then will see ;
 The time of division then will fully be known,
 Between the pure Kingdom and defil'd Babylon.
- 3 Led on by the comforter, what sweets will be
 found,
 What peace, and what harmony, in love will
 abound,
 Losing time things for Jesus, will be counted all
 joy,
 And helping each other, a delightful employ.

4 What beauty will the churches then put on in
his sight,
Being govern'd by Jesus Christ, who always does
right,
No spots on her countenance, in that glorious day ;
Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away.

5 The watchmen will then lift up their voices as
one,
East, West, North, and South, to and fro they will
run :
In the Spirit's pure testimony preach up the cross,
The mysteries of Babylon, will suffer the loss.

6 But O ! what a storm of persecution will rage,
For the cause of old Babylon too many engage ;
For beholding their losses, and beginning to sink,
They hope to obstruct the light from shining I
think.

7 But truth cuts its way, and love will melt down
all foes,
The pure word of God will conquer all who
oppose ;
The church stands in purity, in peace, and in love,
In sight of her enemies she rises above.

8 Let all who would wish to see Millennium begin,
Come out, and be separate from sinners and sin,
As soon as the churches are redeemed from sin,
The day of Millennium will surely begin.

HYMN 54. P. M.

1 COME, brothers and sisters, who love one
another,
And have done for years that are gone ;
How often we've met him in sweet heavenly union,
Which opens the way to God's throne ;
With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise him who
lov'd us,
While we run the bright shining way ;

- Though we part here in body, we're bound for
one glory
And bound for each other to pray
- 2 There was Joshua and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
That pray'd and God heard from his throne ;
There was Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob and
David,
And Solomon, and Stephen, and John ;
There was Simeon and Anna, and I don't know
how many,
That pray'd as they journeyed along ;
Some cast among lions, some bound with rough
irons,
Yet glory and praises they sung.
- 3 Some tell us that praying, and also that praising
Is labour that's all spent in vain ;
But we have such a witness, that God hears with
swiftness,
From praying we will not refrain.
There was old father Noah, and ten thousand more,
Who witness'd that God heard them pray ;
There was Samuel, and Hannah, Paul, Silas, and
Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah we'll say.
- 4 That God by his Spirit, or an angel doth visit,
Their souls and their bodies while praying :
Shall we all go fainting, while they all go praising,
And glorify God in the flame ;
God grant us to inherit the same praying spirit,
While we are a journeying below ;
That when we cease praying, we shall not cease
praising,
But round God's bright throne we shall bow.

HYMN 55. P. M.

- 1 **L**ET all men rejoice, by Jesus restor'd ;
We lift up our voice, and call him our
Lord ;

His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall,
From all that oppress us, he rescues us all.

2 Him Prophet, and King, and Priest we proclaim,
We triumph and sing of Jesus's name;
Poor idiots he teaches to show forth his praise,
And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.

3 No matter how dull the scholar whom he
Takes into his school, and gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation, he makes us through faith.

4 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not
stray,

His method so plain, so easy the way;
The simplest believer his promise may prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.

5 Yet not many wise his summons obey,
And great ones despise so vulgar a way;
And strong ones will never their helplessness own,
Or stoop to find favour through mercy alone.

6 And therefore our God the outcasts hath chose,
His righteousness show'd to heathens like us!
When wise ones rejected his offers of grace,
His goodness elected the foolish and base.

7 To baffle the wise, and noble, and strong,
He bade us arise an impotent throng,
Poor ignorant wretches, we gladly embrace
A Prophet who teaches salvation by grace.

8 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls are despis'd
And left with disdain, by Jesus are priz'd;
His gracious creation in us he makes known,
And brings us salvation and calls us his own.

HYMN 56. P. M.

1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!

Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From every creature love !
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view ;
Of those that basely pant,
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear,
For mine I humbly claim ;
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness ;
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;

For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

HYMN 57. C. M.

1 **T**ELL us, O women we would know,
Whither so fast ye move?
"We call'd to leave this world below,
Are seeking one above."

CHORUS.

*Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
Saviour we ask no more:
Hail Lamb of God for sinners slain
Whom Heav'n and earth adore.*

2 Whence came ye, say, and what the place
That ye are travelling from?
"From tribulation, we, through grace,
Are now returning home."
3 Is not your native dwelling here?
Like you not this abode?
"We seek a better country far,
A city built by God."

HYMN 58. S. M.

1 **Y**OUNG people all attention give,
While I address you in God's name:
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.
I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice;
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
2 He spake at once my sins forgiv'n,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;

He gave me glory, peace, and heav'n,
 And thus I found the heav'nly way.
 And now with trembling sense I view,
 The billows roll beneath your feet;
 For death eternal waits for you
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
 By fleeting time or conqu'ring death;
 Your morning sun may set at noon,
 And leave you ever in the dark.
 Your sparkling eyes, and blooming cheeks,
 Must wither like the blasted rose;
 The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,
 Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
 The grave will soon become your bed,
 Where silence reigns and vapours roll,
 In solemn darkness round your head.
 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
 And with a sigh move slow along;
 Still gazing on the spires of grass,
 With which your graves are overgrown.

5 Your souls will land in darker realms,
 Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
 And roll amid the burning flames,
 When thousand, thousand years are o'er.
 Sunk in the shades of endless night,
 To groan and howl in endless pain,
 And never more behold the light,
 And never, never rise again.

6 Ye blooming youth, this is the state,
 Of all who do free grace refuse;
 And soon with you 'twill be too late,
 The way of life in Christ to choose.
 Come lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your God;
 But with the Gospel now comply,
 And heav'n shall be your great reward.

HYMN 59. P. M.

1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,

That we must be parted from this social band,
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile:
But when we are parted, and scatter'd abroad,
Let's pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be dis-
charg'd.

The war will be ended, your treasures enlarg'd;
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed for
war,

Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near:
Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and hell all unite,
And bold persecution will try you to fright:
But Jesus is for you, who is stronger than they,
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken
heart,

O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewe'll, all around
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall
sound;

To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

HYMN 60. P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT think you of Christ? is the test
 To try both your state and your scheme
 You cannot be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of him.
 As Jesus appears in our view,
 As he is beloved or not;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath are your lot.
- 2 Some take him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most:
 Sure these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
 So guilty, so helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in his blood,
 Nor on his protection rely,
 Unless I were sure he is God.
- 3 Some call him a Sayiour, in word,
 But mix their own works with his plan;
 And hope he his help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can:
 If doings prove rather too light,
 (A little, they own, they may fail)
 They purpose to make up full weight,
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some style him the pearl of great price,
 And say he's the fountain of joys;
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys;
 Like Judas, the Saviour they kiss,
 And while they salute him, betray;
 Ah! what will profession like this
 Avail in his terrible day?
- 5 If ask'd what of Jesus I think?
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store;

My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my All.

HYMN 61. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, my brethren, let us try
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by;
Come, and let us reason.
- 2 What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.
- 3 Christ at times by faith I view
And it doth relieve me,
But my doubts return anew,
They are those that grieve me.
- 4 Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint and fearful,
Plagu'd with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?
- 5 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,
To procure thy pardon.
- 6 View him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying,
See, he suffered this for thee,
Therefore be believing.
- 7 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen,
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.
- 8 Jesus rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory,
See what glory shines around,
Hallelujah, glory.

9 Brethren don't you feel the flame?
Sisters don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.

10 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven,
There we'll join the saints above,
And for ever praise him.

HYMN 62. P. M.

1 **Y**E carnal professors who stand on your lees,
Amidst your vain pleasures, your profits
and ease;
God calls you, arise and escape for your life,
And look not behind you, remember Lot's wife.

2 Awake from your slumbers and warning re-
ceive;
'Tis Jesus that calls you, the message believe;
While danger's around you, escape for your life,
And look not behind you, remember Lot's wife.

3 The ways of religion, true pleasures afford,
No pleasure can equal the joy of my Lord;
Forsake then the world, and escape for your life,
And look not behind you, remember Lot's wife.

4 How many poor souls has the tempter be-
guil'd,
With specious temptations how many defil'd,
Then be not deluded, escape for your life,
And look not behind you, remember Lot's wife.

5 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stray,
He'll tell you no danger of falling away;
He means to deceive you, escape for your life,
And look not behind you, remember Lot's wife.

HYMN 63. P. M.

1 **W**HY should I be affrighted at pestilence or
war,

The fiercer the tempest the sooner it is o'er ;
With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise in vain,
They only shall escort me to yonder blissful plain.

2 This world is full of dangers, and foes that
press me hard,

But Jesus he has promis'd, that he will be my
guard ;

Here I shall not be tempted above what I can bear,
When fighting's done, escorted, his kingdom for
to share.

3 From him I have my orders, and while I do obey,
I find his holy spirit illuminates my way ;

The way is so delightful, I wish to travel on.

Till I arrive at heav'n, to receive a starry crown.

4 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is my
hope,

I'll try like holy Moses, to gain the mountain top ;
When at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerfulness to
die,

And then ascend to heaven, to reign above the
sky.

5 Though sinners do despise me, and laugh at what
I say,

I find a little number walk in the holy way ;

Come on, come on, my brethren, they mock'd our
Jesus too,

The crown appears before us, and Jesus in our
view.

6 I must conclude my story, although against my
will,

I wish to have the power, to sing while I can feel
I long to see the time, when immortal I shall be,
And shout, and praise my Saviour, to all eternity

HYMN 64. C. M.

1 **R**ISE, Zion, shine, thy light is come,
The glorious day's begun;
Those beams we see, how bright they be,
Dart from the glorious sun.

2 Of righteousness that rising is,
The day doth dawn apace;
Those songs of praise we hear are lays,
Of Christ and his free grace;

3 Are tokens plain, the Lamb once slain,
Is hast'ning to his throne;
The bride doth say, Come haste away,
My dear beloved one.

4 The saints rejoice, the turtle's voice,
Is heard within our land;
The hundred forty-four thousand,
Do on Mount Zion stand.

5 And there they sing to Christ their King,
With songs of such a strain,
That there are none but those alone,
For whom the Lamb was slain,

6 Can learn the song that saints do sing;
The song of Moses now
Is laid aside by the Lamb's bride,
For 'tis a note below.

7 Ye taught ones of the Lord, sing praise
T' the Lamb upon the throne;
For it was he, taught you and me,
To sing the Lamb's new song.

HYMN 65. P. M.

1 **H**OW sweet to reflect on those joys that
await me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorify'd spirits with welcome shall greet
me,
And lead me to mansions prepar'd for the blest;

Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the *Eden of Love*.

2 While angelick legions, with harps tun'd celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The Saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
 The song of redemption shall echo through heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given,
 All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the *Eden of Love*.

3 Hail blessed estate! Hail ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."
 Tho' prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me, when freed from probation,
 My heart's now in heaven, the *Eden of Love*.

HYMN 66. P. M.

1 **Y**E sons of war, I pray draw near,
 And list as generous volunteers,
 Become our royal brothers here
 I mean as valiant soldiers;
 You'll enter into present pay,
 And feasting live from day to day,
 Turn right about and march away,
 And Jesus will support you.

2 Ye careless sons of Adam's race,
 Who long have trod in folly's ways,
 O turn about to Zion's face,
 And meet Apollyon's forces;

Gird on your sword and glitt'ring shield,
And with your helmet take the field,
And fight your way and never yield,
And Jesus will support you.

3 The bounty you shall have in hand,
If you will list in Jesu's band,
Your captain in the front will stand,
And beat your foes before you ;
Come throw your rebel weapons down,
And seek for honour and renown,
And you shall wear a starry crown,
For Jesus will support you.

4 You long have been the slaves of sin,
With dire corruption deep within,
The Christian warfare now begin,
And face Apollyon's forces ;
The breast-plate take of righteousness,
Your feet be shod with gospel peace,
Be daily at the throne of grace,
And Jesus will support you.

5 Desert the cause of Heaven's foe,
Before you plunge in endless wo,
Now courage take, to Jesus go,
And he will now receive you ;
From sin and Satan you'll get free,
And happy seasons you shall see,
And gain the Christian's liberty,
For Jesus will support you.

6 No more in Satan's ranks appear.
But to our banner pray draw near,
We'll win the day, you need not fear,
Though earth and hell oppose us,
Our captain he is always brave,
And able still his men to save,
He conquer'd death, hell, and the grave.
And he will still support you.

7 Let not sinners you affright,
 Altho' they rage and vent their spite,
 Wear but the Christian's armour right,
 And none can stand before you :
 Altho' your parents should oppose,
 Your dearest friends become your foes,
 Yet sweetly with the gospel close,
 And Jesus will support you.

8 And when the war is at an end,
 Our captain still will be our friend,
 We'll wing our way and up ascend
 To reign with him in glory ;
 Then shall our tears be wip'd away
 Our night be turn'd to endless day,
 And on our golden harps we'll play,
 The joyful song of heaven.

HYMN 67. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee !
 When will my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold ;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
 My study long have been ;
 Such dazzling views by human sight,
 Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence ?
 What folly's this that I should dread
 To die and go from hence !
- 5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths never end.

- 6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun ;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 68. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is :
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive ;
None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,

In Jesu's ways go on :

Our troubles and our trials here,

Will only make us richer there,

When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heav'n is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,

From Jesu's throne on high :

It comes in floods we can't contain,

We drink, and drink, and drink again,

And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,

We'll drink a full supply ;

Jesus will lead his armies through,

To living fountains where they flow,

That never will run dry.

8 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,

When all the saints get home :

Come on, come on, my brethren dear,

Soon we shall meet together there,

For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, Amen, my soul replies,

I'm bound to meet you in the skies,

And claim my mansion there ;

Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,

To meet you in that heavenly land,

Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 69. P. M.

1 **D**ARK and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day ;

Fiends loud howling through the desert,
 Make them tremble as they go,
 And the fiery darts of Satan
 Often bring their courage low.

2 O young soldiers, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way ;
 Does your strength begin to fail you,
 And your vigour to decay ?
 Jesus, Jesus, will go with you :
 He will lead you to his throne ;
 He who died his garments for you,
 And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll :
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole :
 Round him are ten thousand angels
 Ready to obey command,
 They are always hov'ring round you,
 Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest ;
 Love, and joy, and peace for ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast.
 Who can paint the scenes of glory
 Where the ransom'd dwell on high,
 There on golden harps for ever
 Sound redemption through the sky.

5 There's a million flaming seraphs
 Fly across the heav'nly plain,
 Where they sing immortal praises ;
 Glory, glory, is their strain.
 But methinks a sweeter concert,
 Makes the heav'nly arches ring :
 And the song is heard in Zion,
 Which the angels cannot sing.

7 O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle,
 Such as monarchs never wore :
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their shepherd there.
 Hail ! ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear,
 Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 70. P. M.

1 **T**HE wondrous love of Jesus,
 From doubts and fears it frees us,
 With pitying love he sees us,
 A toiling here below :
 Through tribulation driven,
 We'll force our way to heaven ;
 Through consolation given,
 Rejoicing on we'll go.

2 Companions now distressed,
 By Satan sore oppressed,
 Cheer up, you'll be relieved,
 Your Captain's gone before.
 In every trying hour,
 He'll save you by his power,
 And bring you safe to heaven,
 On that eternal shore.

3 O yonder is the glory,
 It lies but just before you,
 And there we'll tell the story,
 Of all-redeeming love :
 And there we shall for ever.
 Drink of that flowing river,
 And ever, ever, ever,
 Surround the throne of love.

4 There in the blooming Garden
 Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
 Upon the banks of Jordan
 We will worship the Lamb :

We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes,
A song that never closes
Of pleasures to his name.

HYMN 71. P. M.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, we have met to worship
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the word?
All is vain unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One comes down,
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Slumbering on the brink of wo,
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, and our mothers,
And our children sinking down;
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door,
But they have betray'd their Saviour,
And are worse than e'er before;
Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound,
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.
- 4 Sisters, will you join and help, like
Moses's sister helped him,
While you see the trembling sinners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Saviour,
Tell them that he will be found;
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be shower'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too,
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new;
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we'll sit down,
Christ will gird himself and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

HYMN 72. P. M.

1 **T**H**E**RE we shall reign with Jesus, on that
delightful shore,
And shout with the redeemed, our trials are all
o'er;
The wicked cease from troubling, the weary are
at rest,
And we shall reign with Jesus, eternal ages blest.
2 We shall be like the angels, in that immortal
throng,
And shout aloud salvation, 'twill be our lasting
song;
They sing creating goodness, and we redeeming
love,
And this shall be our bus'ness, in the bright worlds
above.
3 This love so freely flowing, it animates our
heart,
This love is still abounding, in every place and
part,
This love can ne'er be ended, though faith and
hope should cease,
This love can ne'er be bounded, but ever will in-
crease.
4 This love through endless ages, it ever is the
same,
'Tis this our heart engages, to love and serve the
Lamb;

Unites us altogether, and makes us of one soul,
It is the Balm of Gilead, it makes the wounded
whole.

HYMN 73. P. M.

1 **Y**E who knew your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read that gracious promise,
Which is left upon record :
I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within.

2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died,
On the cross the healing fountain,
Gushed from his wounded side.

3 O ye tender babes in Jesus,
Hear your heav'nly Father's will,
Claim your portion, plead his promise,
And he quickly will fulfil.
Pray, and the refining fire,
Will come streaming from above,
Now believe and gain the blessing,
Nothing less than perfect love.

4 If you have obtain'd this treasure,
Search and you shall surely find,
All the Christian marks and graces,
Planted, growing, in your mind.
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then,
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
Perfect love for God and man.

- 5 But, be sure to gain the witness,
Which abides both day and night ;
This your God has plainly promis'd,
This is like a stream of light.
While you keep the blessed witness,
All is clear and calm within ;
God himself assures you by it,
That your heart is cleans'd from sin.
- 6 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure,
Jesus, only Jesus know.
Spread, O spread the holy fire,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.
- 7 Witnesses might be produced
Of this glorious work of love,
Paul and James, and John and Peter,
Long before they went above.
Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands,
Have, and do, and will appear,
Let me ask the solemn question.
Has the Lord a witness here ?
- 8 Wake up brother, wake up sister,
Seek, O seek this holy state,
None but holy ones can enter,
Thro' the pure celestial gate.
Can you bear the thought of losing
All the joys that are above ?
No my brother, no my sister,
God will perfect you in love.
- 9 May a mighty sound from heaven,
Suddenly come rushing down,
Cloven tongues like as of fire,
May they set on all around.

O may every soul be filled
 With the Holy Ghost to-day,
 It is coming, it is coming,
O prepare, prepare the way.

HYMN 74. P. M.

1 COME, my brethren dear,
 Since we now have met here,
 For to tell what we've met since here last.
 'Mongst the rest I do rise,
 Being bound for the skies,
 For to tell thro' what conflicts I've past.

2 My friends have tried each scheme,
 Once more to make me dream,
 About happiness here upon earth;
 But I've glory in my view,
 And my journey I'll pursue,
 And, by grace, travel on until death.

3 Satan hath tried his force,
 For to stop up my course,
 And direct me in some other way;
 'The world hath strove in vain
 My affections to gain,
 And once more for to lead me astray.

4 Many times I do sigh,
 And oft weep and cry,
 Through troubles of various kinds;
 But blessed be the Lord,
 I am told in his word,
 That an end of my conflicts I'll find.

5 No, it will not be long,
 'Till I shall change my song,
 From sighs and from groans unto praise;
 With the angels I'll meet,
 To walk the golden street,
 And join with bright saints in their lays!

6 My friends, I want to go
And leave all things below,
While I view them singing above;
I want to walk the plains,
And in more exalted strains,
To praise the Redeemer of love.

7 We'll sing Moses's song,
While we do march along,
And the gates of the city march through
Bearing palms in our hands,
And bright crowns on our heads,
Wearing white robes of righteousness too.

HYMN 75. P. M.

1 **I** LOVE my blessed Saviour,
I feel I'm in his favour,
And I am his for ever,
If I but faithful prove;
And now I'm bound for Canaan,
I feel my sins forgiv'n,
And soon shall get to heaven,
To sing of his love.

2 Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me,
From Jesus my friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour,
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

3 The pleasing time is hast'ning.
My tott'ring frame is wasting,
While I'm engaged in praising,
Impell'd by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to their Lord, there
To praise him above.

4 My thirsty soul is panting,
My body almost fainting,
While praise and prayer are venting,
From my feeble tongue.
How ardent my desire,
Lord Jesus, raise me higher,
To join the holy choir,
In that immortal song.

5 Farewell, I'm bound for glory,
How pleasing is the story !
Those shining worlds before me,
Invite me to be gone.
Had I angels' pinions,
I'd range the bright dominions,
And join the shining millions,
Who're shouting round the throne.

6 The pleasing smile of Jesus,
The rapturous sound increases,
And tunes the heavenly voices,
Throughout the ethereal plains.
My flesh and spirit failing,
My soul in transports hailing,
Bright seraphs in their dwelling,
I sing immortal strains.

HYMN 76. P. M.

1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through
Strong deliv'rer !
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
 In this barren wilderness :
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
 Be my robe of righteousness :
 Fight and conquer
 All my foes by sov'reign grace.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 77. P. M.

- 1 **B**E GONE! unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear ;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;
 Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
 Confirms his good pleasure to bring me quite
 through.
- 4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food :
 Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqu'ror's song.

HYMN 78. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE fields are all white, the harvest is near.
 The reapers all with their sharp sickles
 appear,
 For to reap down the wheat, and to gather in barns,
 While the wild plants of nature are left for to burn.

2 Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day,
When all things in nature shall cease and decay,
When the trumpet shall sound, and the angels
appear,

For to reap down the earth, both the wheat and
the tare.

3 But hear the sad cries that ascend to the sky,
Of those in distress, who have no where to fly,
But will call to the rocks and the mountains to fall
On their naked souls, for to hide them withal.

4 But 'twill all be in vain, for the mountains must
flee,

The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall no more be,
The earth it shall quake, and the seas shall retire,
And this solid world shall be then all on fire.

5 But hear the kind Judge, in that day of alarms—
First gather my saints and bring them to my arms,
That the seven last plagues may be pour'd out on
those

Who have blasphem'd my name, and my saints
have oppos'd.

6 Then Oh! wretched mortals, look up and espy
The glorious Redeemer, marching thro' the sky,
On a chariot of fire, to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending him down.

7 Come hither, ye nations, your sentence receive,
No longer my spirit shall strive and be griev'd,
My judgment is right, my sentence is just,
Come hither ye blessed, depart all ye curst.

8 O sinners take warning, and seek ye the Lord,
I have not been jesting, it is Christ's own word,
That those who've done good in glory shall stand,
But those who've done evil shall surely be damned.

9 So farewell, I leave you to ponder your way,
May the Lord seal instruction to what I now say,
That our souls to God's throne may be pour'd out
in pray'r

That we may be prepar'd to meet Christ in the air.

HYMN 79. P. M.

- 1 COME all ye poor sinners, and stay not behind,
Ye poor and ye needy, ye halt and ye blind,
Accept of the gospel, before 'tis too late,
Or burnings eternal must be your hard fate.
- 2 The rich man, we read, did the beggar despise,
But in hell in sad torment he lifted his eyes;
He saw the good Abra'm in mansions above,
In his bosom the beggar lay clasped in love.
- 3 He cries, Father Abra'm, pray send me relief,
For I am in torment, in pain, and in grief;
Good Abra'm replies, Son, remember of late,
You sumptuously fared, and boasted your state.
- 4 At your gate the poor beggar lay sick and distressed'd,
You refused him food, and depriv'd him of rest;
The dogs had compassion, and licked his sores,
While on the poor beggar you barred your doors.
- 5 A deep and broad gulph is now placed between,
Which cannot be passed although you are seen,
In justice you're doom'd in that place to remain.
While the beggar rejoices, to linger in pain.
- 6 I pray, father Abra'm, the rich man rejoin'd,
Send the beggar to warn my five brethren behind,
That they may in season, petition for grace,
And not be consign'd to this tormenting place.
- 7 They have the free gospel, good Abra'm reply'd
The Prophets, and Moses, and others beside;
If these will not strike their vile bosoms with
dread,
They would not believe tho' one rose from the
dead.
- 8 Come all ye poor sinners, take warning by this,
For death will soon place you in torment or bliss,
Prepare to meet Jesus in meekness and love,
That when he appears he'll receive you above.

HYMN 80. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the-
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale; or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee o'erflow,
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless:
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

HYMN 81. P. M.

- 1 **D**ROOPING saints no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious,
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.

Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him ;
He has died for you and I,
Now look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs a healing fountain ;
See the consolation tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying ;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,"
Weary, heavy laden.
Though your sins like mountains rise
Rise and reach to heaven ;
Soon as you on him rely,
"All shall be forgiv'n."

4 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him ;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I shall love him.
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden :
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know, I feel it ;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus's blood has heal'd my wounds,
Oh the wond'rous story ;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory ! Glory ! Glory !

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him ;

Mourners you may do the same,
 Only come and prove him.
 Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
 Feel it and declare it ;
 O that I could sing so loud,
 All the world might hear it.
 7 If no greater joys are known
 In the upper regions ;
 I will try to travel on,
 In this pure religion.
 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
 Glory's here and yonder ;
 Brightest seraphs shout Amen,
 While the angels wonder.

HYMN 82. L. M.

1 **T**HOUGH in the outward church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow ;
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

*For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.*

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
 To recollect their stations here ;
 How much they heard, how much they knew,
 How much among the wheat they grew ?

3 Oh ! this will aggravate their case,
 They perish'd under means of grace ;
 To them the word of life and faith
 Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
 Strangers might think we all were wheat ;
 But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
 Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spar'd for various ends,
 Some for the sake of praying friends ;

Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Most awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord prepare.

HYMN 83. P. M.

1 **Y**E children of Zion, who're aiming for
glory,
Enlisted with Jesus to fight against hell,
New Canaan's bright borders are now just before
you,
Though Jordan's proud billows its banks over-
swell.

Ten thousands have cross'd it, and are now in
glory,
A shouting and telling the triumphant story,
And Jesus, our Saviour, will bring us all over,
In the land of sweet Canaan, for ever to dwell.

2 This makes my heart joyful, it fills me with
pleasure,

That suff'ring and toiling will one day be o'er;
At the feet of my Saviour, I'll there count my
treasure,

Where sin, pain, and sorrow, can reach me no
more.

Be bold and courageous, and fear not the devil,
Though he should speak of you all manner of evil,
For tho' Satan rages, yet Jesus engages,
To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean, we're tossed by com-
motion,

But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure guide.

If sick and afflicted, kind love has a lotion
Which flows in abundance from Jesus's side,
Though Satan's wild whirlwinds like deluges
 roaring,
And floods of temptation as hail are down-pouring,
Though devils should haunt you, yet let them not
 daunt you,
For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

4 I feel his love blazing, my spirits are raising,
Had I angels' pinions, away I would go,
And see that bright city, and hear angels praising,
And all the enjoyment of glory to know.
To our great Father, that shines throughout hea-
 ven,

All glory from saints and from angels be given;
My heart's all on fire, my Jesus draws nigher,
His love, like an ocean, all through me doth flow.

5 His love so constrains me, this earth can't con-
 tain me,

My soul is so joyful, I'm fill'd with new wine,
'Tis grace that supports me, and glory awaits me.
While beams from sweet heaven all round me do
 shine.

Bright angels attend me where'er I am going,
Sweet Jesus directs me, whatever I'm doing;
A subject of wonder, on which angels ponder,
That beggars are raised to a life so divine.

HYMN 84. P. M.

1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

*Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
 Jesus reigns.*

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,

"Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offered by the Saviour."

3 Hear ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing;
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever,
Oh now turn to God the Saviour.

5 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified;
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven,
Life eternal's through him given.

6 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

7 For this love let rocks and mountains
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightnings' blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

8 Now our hearts have caught new fire
Brethren, raise your voices higher;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the King of our salvation.

9 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

10 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchas'd our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter world of glory.

HYMN 85. L. M.

1 **T**HE tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit and always green,
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ, the apple tree.

2 His beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,
The glory which I now do see,
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

3 'Tis happiness which I have sought
And pleasure dearly have I bought
I've miss'd of all, but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

4 I'm weary of my former toil,
Here I will sit and rest awhile,
Under the shadow I will be,
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.

5 With great delight I'll make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away;
Among the sons of men I see,
There's none like Christ the apple tree.

6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like holy wine:
And now the fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ the apple tree.

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive
And keeps my dying faith alive;
It makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

HYMN 86. L. M.

1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now ador'd:
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

2 I'm not asham'd to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause;

The way he's gone, is mark'd with blood,
O may I tread the steps he trod.

3 I'm not asham'd to bear my cross,
For which I count all things as dross;
What e'er I'm bid to do or say,
If Christ command I will obey.

4 I'm not asham'd to be despis'd,
By those who ne'er religion priz'd;
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue
For all that man can say or do.

5 This world's vain honours I will shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run,
That this at last my boast may be,
My Saviour's not ashamed of me.

HYMN 87. P. M.

1 **T**HOU' sinners would vex me,
And troubles perplex me,
Against inclination, ah! what shall I do?
No longer a rover,
My follies are over,
For one thing is needful, and that I'll pursue.

2 Vain pleasure's deceitful,
Sin to me is hateful,
But more lasting pleasure I hope for to find,
This world is a bubble,
A life full of trouble,
My thoughts now fly upwards and leave all
behind.

3 The bells are a tolling,
The wheels are a rolling,
Some gallant gay fair one goes to their long home,
If dead out of Jesus,
The Lord will not save us,
And to live in glory we never can come.

4 O pray for conversion,
 Shun foolish diversion,
 Use much self-denial, and take up your cross,
 Do this for a season,
 And use your own reason,
 And time will soon prove you'll not be at a loss.

5 If time is a treasure,
 There's none for vain pleasure,
 Look up to the giver with faith's steadfast eye,
 Believe on that Jesus
 Who died to save us,
 For time flies apace, and eternity's nigh.

6 My soul starts with wonder
 To think how the thunder
 Will shake all creation at the angel's call,
 Time is now no longer,
 The aged and younger,
 Shall hear the dread sentence, for Christ's all in
 all.

7 Behold how divided,
 The judgment decided,
 Poor sinners bewailing their folly in hell,
 But glory to Jesus,
 Believing he'll save us,
 With angels in glory his praises we'll swell.

HYMN 88. S. M.

1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor,
 From year to year my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.
 How often have I seen
 The healing waters move,
 And others round me stepping in,
 Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain,
 I feel the very same,

As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal,
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No, he is full of grace,
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

HYMN 89. P. M.

1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go;
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place he lov'd to be,
And 'twas nam'd *Gethsemane*.

2 Full of love to man's lost race,
On this conflict much he thought;
This he knew, the destin'd place,
And he lov'd the sacred spot.
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in *Gethsemane*.

3 Come at length the dreadful night
Vengeance with its iron rod

Stood, and with collected might,
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Groveling in *Gethsemane*.

4 There my Saviour bore my guilt;
This through grace can be believ'd
But the horrors which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd:
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark *Gethsemane*.

5 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws—
Sins against his love, his blood—
Sins against his name and cause—
Sins immense as is the sea,
Hide me, O *Gethsemane*.

6 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of Love—
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart:
Wound the heart that wounded thee;
Melt me in *Gethsemane*.

HYMN 90. P. M.

1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told?
"I am Joseph your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear

You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God for your sake sent me here."

3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup;
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.

"Can Joseph whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?

And will he our household maintain?

Oh, this is a brother indeed?"

4 Thus, dragg'd by my conscience, I came
And laden'd with guilt to the Lord;
Surrounded with terroure and shame,
Unable to utter a word;

At first he look'd stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart;
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart!"

5 But oh! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:

"Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 "I am Jesus whom thou hast blasphem'd,
And crucify'd often afresh;

But let me henceforth be esteem'd
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:

My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will freely supply;

I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

7 "Go publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."

Oh! sinners, the message obey !
 No more vain excuses pretend ;
 But come, without further delay,
 To Jesus our Brother and Friend.

HYMN 91. P. M.

- 1 **O** H thou in whose presence my soul takes
 delight,
 On whom in affliction I call :
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
 To feed on the pasture of love ?
 For why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 2 Or why should I wander an alien from thee,
 And cry in the desert for bread ?
 My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
 The Star that on Israel shone ?
 Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
 And where with his flocks he has gone ?
- 3 This is my Belov'd, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odours around ;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
 The roses of Sharon ; the lilies that grow,
 In the vales on the banks of the streams,
 On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadows of death ;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfum'd with his breath.
 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace ;

From which their salvation, the Gentiles shall
know,

And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight

Through all the bright mansions on high :

Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,

And tremble with fulness of joy.

He looks, an ' ten thousand of angels rejoice,

And myriads wait for his word ;

He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,

Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

HYMN 92. P. M.

1 **D**EAR Jesus ! here comes and knocks at thy
door,

A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor,

Blind, lame and forsaken, all roll'd in his blood

At last overtaken when running from God.

2 I own I deserve no favour to see,

So long did I swerve and wander from thee,

Till brought by afflictions my follies to mourn ;

Now under conviction to thee I return.

3 For since thou hast said, thou'lt cast away
none

Who fly to thine aid as sinners undone ;

Now, Lord, I am come as condemned to die,

And on this sweet promise I humbly rely.

HYMN 93. P. M.

1 **H**OW painfully pleasing the fond recollec-
tion

Of youthful emotion and innocent joy,

When blest with parental advice and affection,

Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on
high ;

I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,

The seats of their offspring are rang'd on each
hand,

And that richest book which excels ev'ry other,
That family Bible which lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more ;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore ;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand ;
Oh ! let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand,
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

HYMN 94. P. M.

1 **G**O, ye heralds of salvation,
Go, proclaim redeeming blood
Publish to that barb'rous nation,
Peace and pardon from our God
Tell the heathen,
None but Christ can do them good.

- 2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,
 May the spirit seal the word,
 And, through sov'reign grace abounding,
 Heathen bow and own the Lord,
 Idols leaving,
 God alone shall be ador'd.
- 3 Distant though our souls are blending,
 Still our hearts are warm and true .
 In our pray'rs to heav'n ascending,
 Brethren—we'll remember you ;
 Heav'n preserve you,
 Safely all your journey through.
- 4 When your mission here is finish'd
 And your work on earth is done,
 May your souls by grace replenish'd,
 Find acceptance through the Son ;
 Thence admitted,
 Dwell forever near his throne.

HYMN 95. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with bloo
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day,
 And here have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy though I be,)

For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !

7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine ;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN 96. L. M.

1 **T**HE Saviour calls his people sheep,
And bids them on his love rely ;
For he alone their souls can keep,
And he alone their wants supply

2 The bull can fight, the hare can flee,
The ant in summer food prepare ;
But helpless sheep, and such are we,
Depend upon the shepherd's care.

3 Jehovah is our shepherd's name,
Then what have we, tho' weak, to fear ?
Our sin and folly we proclaim,
If we despond while he is near.

4 When Satan threatens to devour,
When troubles press on ev'ry side,
Think on our Shepherd's care and pow'r,
He can defend, and he provide.

5 See the rich pastures of his grace,
Where in full streams salvation flows
There he appoints our resting place,
And we may feed secure from foes.

6 There, midst the flock, the shepherd dwells,
The sheep around in safety lie ;
The wolf, in vain, with malice swells,
For he protects them with his eye.

7 Dear Lord, if I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free
To trust, and love, and praise, is mine,
The care of all belongs to thee.

HYMN 97. P. M.

1 **H**OW precious is the name, brethren sing,
brethren sing,
How precious is the name, brethren sing,
How precious is the name of Christ our Pas-
chal Lamb.

Who bore our sin and shame, on the tree, on
the tree

2 I've given all for Christ, he's my all, he's my
all.

I've given all for Christ, he's my all;
I've given all for Christ, and my spirit cannot
rest,
Unless he's in my breast, reigning there. reigning
there

3 His easy yoke I'll bear with delight, with
delight,
His easy yoke I'll bear with delight ;
His easy yoke I'll bear, and his cross I will not
fear ;
His name I will declare, evermore, evermore.

4 I feel the love of God in my soul, in my soul,
I feel the love of God in my soul,
I feel the love of God, in my heart 'tis shed
abroad ; [below.
And I will serve my God here below, here

HYMN 98. L. M.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus's feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus's feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind
And stamp thine image on my heart.
Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free,

I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from ev'ry sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay :
Appear, in my poor heart appear ;
My God, my Saviour, come away !

HYMN 99. P. M

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 100. P. M.

1 **H**AIL, happy believer in Jesus!
Tho' all things around thee may frown,
At present whatever thy case is,
This know, thou art born to a crown:
Then let not earth's trifles oppress thee,
Thy kingdom's preparing above;
Be faithful, and Jesus will bless thee,
With joys that can never remove.

2 O envy not those that aspire
In splendour and honour to live;
When their's is all burnt up with fire,
Thy portion will be to receive.
Hail, happy believer in Jesus!
No longer for trifles now care;
Thy kingdom above never ceases,
And Jesus will soon call thee there.

HYMN 101. P. M.

1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus, I'm fill'd with his
praises,
Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to sing,
No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,
It gives joy and gladness and comfort within.

2 Hosanna is ringing; I'm happy while singing,
And shouting the praises of Jesus's name:
The angels in glory repeat the glad story
Of Jesus's love, which is made known to men.

3 Hosanna to Jesus who di'd to redeem us,
I'll serve him and love him wherever I go;
He's now gone to heaven; the Spirit he's give
To quicken and comfort his children below.

4 Hosanna for ever, his grace like a river,
Is rising and spreading all over the land;
His love is unbounded, to all it's extended.
And sinners are feeling the heavenly flame.

5 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul how it pleases,
To see sinners falling and crying to God :
Then shouting and praising, they cry, " 'Tis
amazing,

"We've found peace and pardon in Jesus's blood.

6 "Hosanna is ringing, hark, how they are singing ;
"All glory to Jesus, we've tasted his love."

The kingdom of heaven to mortals is given,
And rolls through my soul from the mansions
above.

7 Hosanna to Jesus ; my soul feels him precious
In bright beams of glory he comes from above.
My heart is now glowing, I feel his love flowing :
I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.

8 Hosanna is ringing, the saints now are singing,
And marching to glory in bright royal bands :
Come on, my dear brethren, let's press towards
heaven,

For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hand.

9 Hosanna to Jesus ; my soul sweetly rises,
I'll soon be transported to a happier clime.
Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his praises,
And with him in glory eternally shine.

HYMN 102. P. M.

1 **T**HE trump of the gospel resounds through
the land,

Repent for the kingdom of heaven's at hand,
Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead,
And Christ shall enlighten thy heart and thy head.

2 While the rich, poor, wise, simple, the aged
and youth,

In the north, south, and west, are embracing the
truth ;

Bring near, heavenly Father, to us the glad hour,
The times of refreshing, the day of thy power.

3 With bowels of mercy, Oh Jesus, survey,
The great congregation assembled to-day,

Of various tenets, the price of thy blood,
Who all have revolted and wander'd from God.

4 With the cloud of thy glory o'ershadow the
whole,

A deep veneration impress on each soul;
And strengthen thy servants thy word to proclaim,
And work for the honour and praise of thy name.

5 In copious effusion thy free Spirit shed,
Re-quicken the living, and quicken the dead;
Thy image celestial on penitents stamp,
And waken the shout of a king in the camp.

6 Bring bigotry prostrate, like Dagon of old.
O'erturn Satan's king, thy standard unfold;
And raise up an army, thy name to adore,
While life's current flows, and when time is no
more.

HYMN 103. P. M.

1 **W**HITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Passing through this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

*I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah, hallelujah.*

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide;
Yet no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm blest with such a guide.

3 Such a guide!—No guide attends thee
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

4 Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
Such a guide my step attends:

He'll in every strait relieve me—
He from every harm defends.

5 Pilgrim ! see that stream before thee !
Darkly winding through the vale ;
Should its deadly waves run o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail ?

6 No : that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend ;
There to plunge will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.

7 While I gazed—with speed surprising
Down the stream she plung'd from sight ,
Gazing still, I saw her rising
Like an angel, cloth'd with light.

HYMN 104. C. M.

1 COME all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
Who are bound for Canaan's land,
Take courage, and fight valiantly,
Stand fast with sword in hand :
Our Captain he is gone before,
Our Father's only Son ;
The pilgrims dear, O do not fear,
But let us follow on.

2 Thro' a dark howling wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore ;
A land of pits, and snares, and death ;
Where chilling winds do roar ;
But Jesus will go through with us,
And guard us by the way ;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll tell us what to say.

3 *Apol.* Good morning, brother traveller,
Pray tell to me your name ;
And whither you are travelling to ;
Likewise from whence you came.

Pil. My name it is Bold Pilgrim,
To Canaan I am bound ;

I'm from the howling wilderness,
And the enchanted ground.

4 *Apol.* Pray what is that upon your head
That shines so clear and bright ?

Likewise the covering of your breast,
So dazzling to my sight ?

What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand ?

Likewise the shining instrument
You hold in your right hand ?

5 *Pil.* With glorious hope upon my head,
And on my breast a shield,

With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field :

My feet are shod with gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand ;

I mean to fight until I die,
And gain fair Canaan's land.

6 *Apol.* You'd better stay with me, young man,
And give your journey o'er ;

Your Captain now is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.

My name is old Apollyon,
This land belongs to me,

And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.

7 " Oh no !" replies the pilgrim bold,
" Your offer I disdain :

A glitt'ring crown of righteousness
I shortly shall obtain ;

If I continue faithful to

My blessed Lord's command,

I shall be heir with him above
Of Canaan's fruitful land.

8 The pleasant fields of Canaan,
How beauteous to behold !

The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains ting'd with gold !

The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand !
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land.

9 Sweet rivers of redeeming love,
Through Canaan's land do roll ;
Bright beams of dazzling glory
Illuminate my soul.

Ten thousand thousand glitt'ring crowns,
All set with diamonds bright !
And there my Saviour Jesus reigns,
Who is my heart's delight.

10 Come, all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
Fresh courage take by me ;
Meanwhile I'll tell to you, my friends,
How I this land did see :
Through faith, the glorious telescope,
I saw the worlds above,
And God the Father reconciled,
Which fills my soul with love."

HYMN 105. P. M.

1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings ;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may ;

- 3 It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe his people too ;
 Beneath the spreading heavens.
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens,
 Will give his children bread.
- 4 The vine nor fig-tree neither,
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 106. S. M.

- 1 **D**ESTRUCTION'S dangerous road,
 What multitudes pursue !
 While that which leads the soul to God
 Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers enter in
 By Christ, the living gate ;
 But they who will not leave their sin,
 Complain it is too straight.
- 3 If self must be denied,
 And sin forsaken quite ;
 They rather choose the way that's wide,
 And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
 On numbers they depend ;
 So many surely can't be wrong,
 And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark
 That men will right be found,
 A few were sav'd in Noah's ark,
 For many millions drown'd.

- 6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may :
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.
- 7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see ;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

HYMN 107. P. M.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above ;
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love ?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in ?

CHORUS.

*O how charming, how charming
How charming is Jesus,
He is my Redeemer,
My friend, and my King.*

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before ;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear ;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly :
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu :
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with trials,
 And troubles on your way,
 Cast all your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray :
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your race is ended,
 You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend ;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request :
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

HYMN 108. L. M.

1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
 Who are from sin and bondage freed,
 Submit to all the ways of God,
 And walk the narrow, happy road.

CHORUS.

*We're all united heart and hand,
 Join'd in one band completely ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's land
 Where the waters flow most sweetly.*

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
 But soon shall walk the golden street,
 Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

3 That happy day will soon appear,
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
 Sound through the earth, and down to hell,
 To call the nations great and small.

4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
 The trumpet louder still proclaims :
 The earth must hear and know her doom,
 The separation day is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;
When Christ himself these words proclaims,
" Here are my saints, I know their names.

6 " Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heaven, sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood !"

7 In grandeur see the royal line
In glitt'ring robes the sun outshine ;
Ye saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour to the throne.

8 They stand in wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
The great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sweeps the golden lyre.

9 They've fought the fight, their race is run,
Their joys are now in heaven begun ;
Their tears are gone, their sorrows flee,
No more afflicted now like me.

HYMN 109. P. M.

1 **T**HERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love ;
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white,
They serve their great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 It is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care ;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise th' eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The mearest child in glory
Outshines the radiant sun ;
But who can speak the splendour
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty ?

The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Contemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war ?
He seems a mighty conqu'ror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting wo.

5 The host of saints around him
Proclaim his works of grace ;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race ;
Who speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way ;
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.

6 Now with a holy transport,
They tell their suff'rings o'er,
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore ;
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gain'd their liberty ;
Amid our fiercest dangers,
Our lives are hid in thee.

7 Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest ;
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be bless'd ;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclin'd me long to stay ;
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

8 But now it is my purpose
 The better way to find •
 To serve my great Creator,
 And leave my sins behind ;
 In guilt's seducing mazes
 I will no longer roain ;
 I'll give my soul to Jesus,
 Who brings the ransom'd home.

9 And what shall be my journey,
 How long I'll stay below,
 Or what shall be my trials,
 Are not for me to know ;
 In every day of trouble
 I'll raise my thoughts on high ;
 I'll think of the bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

HYMN 110. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN swelling Jordan o'er us rolls,
 Should Christ his lovely presence hide,
 Will it not overwhelm our souls,
 Before we reach the Canaan side ?
- 2 Who knows how deep the flood may be,
 When we our awful summons hear ;
 Or what dark prospect we may see,
 When his black banners death shall rear ?
- 3 Well, should the tyrant death display
 His fiercest form when we pass o'er,
 Our skilful guide knows all the way,
 From Jordan's brink, to Canaan's shore.
- 4 Yes, the Redeemer once was dead !
 And, when he pass'd the gloomy grave,
 Death's blackest waves roll'd o'er his head,
 That we might know his power to save.
- 5 Jesus has conquer'd death for us,
 When his dark mansions he pass'd thro',
 He to a blessing turn'd the curse,
 And we shall triumph o'er him too.

HYMN 111. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE great God of love, now hath shin'd
 from above,
 And hath taught us the *Impartial Song*;
 The Spirit is come, and the work is begun,
 And we all are united in one.
- 2 Salvation we see, for all nations is free,
 The members of Christ, are all one; [storm,
 We'll march uniform, and undaunted face the
 Ever singing the *Impartial Song*.
- 3 Thus joined in one, the good race we will run,
 Pressing onward in faith, without fear;
 Such objects pursue, as the world never knew,
 Never will till the gospel they hear.
- 4 The Spirit of God, now hath taught us the road
 And the Comforter leads us along;
 The book is unseal'd, Judah's lion takes the field,
 And inspires with the *Impartial Song*.
- 5 We'll mount on the wing, and with ardour we'll
 sing,
 Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb;
 With rapture we'll sound, o'er Immanuel's ground,
 What a precious Redeemer hath done.
- 6 O glorious days! when in raptures of praise,
 Join'd with seraphs in mansions above,
 Free grace we shall sound, through eternity's
 round,
 And our union still heighten in love.
- 7 Then let us be true, and our journey pursue,
 Towards heaven, our glorious home;
 Still rul'd by the word, Christ has left on record,
 Singing glory to Jesus—Amen

HYMN 112. P. M.

- 1 **M**Y heart and my tongue shall unite in the
 praise,
 Of Jesus, my Saviour, for mercy and grace;

My pardon is sealed through his precious blood;
By him I inherit the peace of my God.

2 My lot may be low, and my parentage mean,
Yet born of my God, I have glories unseen,
Surpassing all joys 'mongst sinners on earth,
Prepared for souls of an heavenly birth.

3 Secur'd from a thousand allurements to sin,
I find in my cottage my heaven begin;
And soon I shall lay all my poverty by,
And mansions of glory for ever enjoy.

4 By the sweat of my brow I labour for bread,
Yet guarded by Jesus no evil I dread;
And Lord, while possessed of all riches in thee,
My poverty comes with a blessing to me.

5 My labouring dress I shall soon lay aside,
For robes rich and splendid, a dress for a bride;
The bride that is married to Jesus the Lamb,
And clad in a garment that's ever the same

6 Though fare be but scant while I travel below,
A feast that's eternal will Jesus bestow;
No sorrow nor sighing shall ever annoy,
The heavenly banquet I there shall enjoy.

7 Then what though my body goes weary to rest,
Yet, sav'd by the merits of Jesus I'm blest;
Fresh strength for my labour on earth he be-
stows,

And soon I shall bask in eternal repose.

HYMN 113. L. M.

1 **EXCEPT** a man himself deny,
His lust and pride doth mortify,
And take his cross and follow me,
He cannot my disciple be.

2 This is the doctrine of our Lord,
With which all scripture doth accord;
This is the axe laid at the root,
Which doth not carnal nature suit.

- 3 This is the straight and narrow way,
That leads to life and endless day ;
Of which the Saviour of mankind,
Has said that few do ever find.
- 4 The will, and pride, of the old man,
Would fain devise another plan ;
'Than that which Jesus Christ hath given
By which to raise us up to heav'n.
- 5 But Christ himself to us doth say,
If any climb another way,
He must a thief and robber be,
Because he enters not by me.
- 6 Jesus has mark'd for us the way,
And bids us strive, and watch, and pray,
And overcome as he has done,
'That we may sit upon his throne.
- 7 Then let us still united be,
And in one spirit all agree ;
To crucify the carnal mind,
'That we eternal life may find.
- 8 A kingdom we shall then obtain,
And with our Lord for ever reign :
May this our happy portion be,
In time and in eternity.

HYMN 114. P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary troubled spirit
Findeth rest in thee, my God.
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie :
Sin and Satan cannot harm me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.
- 2 Now I'll sing of Jesus's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same ;

He who asketh soon receiveth,
 He who seeks is sure to find:
 Who of comfort is bereaved,
 Jesus never casts behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading
 With his Father and our God;
 Now for us he's interceding;
 Pleads the purchase of his blood.
 Now methinks I hear him praying,
 "Father, spare them, I have died;"
 And the Father answers, saying,
 "They are freely justified."

HYMN 115. C. M.

1 **Y**E weary heavy-laden souls,
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore;
 Tho' chilling winds and beating rains,
 And waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding us,
 Take courage, and be bold.

2 Tho' storms and hurricanes arise,
 And desert all around;
 Though fiery serpents oft appear
 Through this enchanted ground;
 Dark nights and clouds, and gloomy fears
 And dragons often roar:
 Yet while the gospel-trump we hear,
 We'll press for Canaan's shore.

3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
 Who mourns her absent mate—
 From hill to hill she mournful flies,
 Her sorrows to relate;
 But Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on:
 A few more beating winds and rains,
 And winter will be gone

4 Sometimes like mountains to the skies
Bleak Jordan's billows roar ;
Which often makes the pilgrim fear
He never will get o'er ;
But let us gain Mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain ;
To fright our souls may Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land,
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand.
The winter time is past and gone,
Sweet flowers do appear ;
The fiftieth year is roll'd around,
The great sabbatick year.

6 O what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes !
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies !
O that my faith were strong to raise,
And bear my soul away !
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
Through an eternal day.

7 By faith my gracious God I see
On his eternal throne ;
At his right hand the loving Lamb,
And Spirit, Three in One :
The angels whisper me away,
Saying, " My brother, come,"
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.

8 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Who are for Canaan bound ;
And should we never meet again
'Till Gabriel's trump shall sound,

I hope that I shall meet you there,
On that delightful shore,
In mansions of eternal bliss,
Where parting is no more.

HYMN 116. C. M.

1 **Y**E happy souls, whose peaceful minds
Are freed from pain and fear;
Ye objects, whom kind heaven designs
To make its constant care :
To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,
Press'd by my dismal fate ;
O can you with me sympathize,
While I my case relate ?

2 I once was happy in the Lord,
My soul was in a flame ;
I did delight to hear his word,
And praise his holy name ;
His children were my chief delight,
I lov'd their company ;
I liv'd by faith both day and night,
That Jesus died for me.

3 But wo is me, those joys are past,
Those blissful scenes are o'er ;
I'm like a city quite laid waste,
To be rebuilt no more :
In vain I cry, in vain I mourn,
In vain I seek for rest :
I fear the dove will ne'er return,
To my devoted breast.

4 Alas ! alas ! where shall I go ?
Jesus from me is gone ;
A child of sorrow, grief and wo,
For ever more undone :
The gospel, too, is hid from me,
Though often I do hear ;
The law denounces death on me,
And thunders out despair.

5 The devil waiting me around,
 To make my soul his prey ;
 I wait to hear the trumpet sound,
 "Take, take the wretch away :"
 I linger, pine, I groan and sigh,
 Sleep now has left mine eyes,
 And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,
 And that without disguise.

6 O that I were some bird or beast,
 Were I a stork or owl ;
 Some lofty tree should bear my nest,
 Or through the desert prowl :
 But I have an immortal soul,
 Within this house of clay,
 That either must with devils howl,
 Or dwell in endless day.

HYMN 117. L. M.

THE schools of scribes, and courts of kings,
 The learn'd and great he passes by ;
 Chooses the weak and foolish things,
 His truth and grace to testify :
 Plain, simple men, his call endues
 With power and wisdom from above ;
 And such he still vouchsafes to use,
 Who nothing know but Jesu's love.

HYMN 118. P. M.

1 **B**ROTHER, thou art gone before us, and thy
 saintly soul is flown,
 Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sor-
 row is unknown ;
 From the burden of the flesh, and from care and
 fear releas'd,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 weary are at rest.

2 The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er, and
 borne the heavy load,
 But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach
 his blest abode ;

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus, upon his
 Father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy
 faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ, and the Holy
 Spirit fail;
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom
 on earth thou lovedst best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 weary are at rest.

4 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust," the solemn
 priest hath said,
 So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal thy
 narrow bed:
 But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the
 faithful blest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 weary are at rest.

5 And when the Lord shall summon us, whom
 thou hast left behind,
 May we, untainted by the world, as sure a wel-
 come find;
 May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a
 glorious guest,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
 weary are at rest.

HYMN 119. P. M.

1 COME, and taste along with me,
 The weary pilgrim's consolation;
 Boundless mercy running free,
 The earnest of complete salvation.
 Joy and peace in Christ I find,
 My heart to him is all resign'd;
 The fulness of his power I prove,
 And all my soul's dissolved in love.

Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,
Love is boundless as the ocean.

2 When the world and flesh would rise,
And strive to draw me from my Saviour,
Strangers slight, or friends despise,

I then more highly prize his favour.

Friends, believe me when I tell,

If Christ be present all is well :

The world and flesh in vain may rise,

I all their efforts do despise.

In the world I've tribulation,

But in Christ sweet consolation.

3 The worldlings hold me in disdain,
Because I shun their carnal pleasure ;

All in this which gives me pain

Is, that they slight a noble treasure.

But still among them, bless the Lord !

There's some who tremble at his word ;

And this doth joy to me impart,

To think the Lord hath reach'd their hear.

Oh the grace to sinners given,

Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven.

4 When I'm in the house of prayer,

I find him with the congregation :

Musick sweet unto my ear,

Is the glad sound of free salvation.

When I join to sing his praise,

My heart in holy raptures raise ;

I join and sing and shout aloud,

And disregard the gazing crowd :

Glorious theme of exultation,

What I feel is past expression.

5 When I hear the pleasing sound

Of weeping mourners just converted,

The dead's alive, the lost is found ;

The Lord hath heal'd the broken-hearted.

My heart exults, my spirits glow,

I love my Lord and brethren so :

Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,
I soon would sing with those above,
Glory, honour, and salvation,
What I feel is past expression.

6 Why should I regard the frowns
Of those who mock, deride, or slight me,
Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
Beyond the reach of those who hate me;
Sorrows, toils, and sufferings o'er,
When once we reach that happy shore;
There, with the shining hosts above,
I'll sing and shout redeeming love.
Blessings there, beyond expression,
Ever roll in sweet succession.

7 Sinners, you may laugh and scorn;
Your moments lost will be lamented;
The awful day is hastening on,
When you will wish you had repented:
Death, in its embraces cold,
Will soon your mortal bodies hold;
Then all your pleasures take their flight,
And down you'll sink to endless night;
While you're of that guilty number,
Your destruction doth not slumber.

8 Come, poor sinner, go with me;
My heart's enlarged to receive you;
Slight not mercy offer'd free,
Come to Jesus, he'll relieve you:
But if you offer'd grace refuse,
And will destruction ever choose,
Unhappy soul, your guilt and blood
Will rest on your defenceless head:
Darkness, torment, pain, and sorrow
May be yours before to-morrow.

9 Mourner, see your Saviour stand,
With arms expanded to receive you;
He spreads for you his bleeding hands,
Venture on him, he'll relieve you:

Cast all your doubts and fears aside,
The door of mercy's open wide ;
The fountain flows which saves from sin,
Come now, believe, and enter in.
Don't distrust your blessed Saviour ;
Come, believe, and live for ever.

HYMN 120. C. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent ;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear ?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face :
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back :
He saw, and ran, and smil'd ;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but oh forgive"—
"Enough," the father said ;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,—
My son was dead, but lives again ;
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home ;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 121. P. M.

1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole ;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die."

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath ;
The Lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot :
Alas ! an hour may close the scene :
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be ;

- No, my immortal cannot die !
 What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
 When death shall set thee free ?
- 7 Will mercy then her arms extend,
 Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
 And heaven thy dwelling place ?
 Or shall insulting fiends appear,
 And drag thee down to dark despair
 Below the reach of grace ?
- 8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
 Beyond the present life are known ;
 There is no middle state :
 To-day attend the call divine,
 To-morrow may be none of thine,
 Or it may be too late.
- 9 Oh do not pass this as a dream,
 Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,
 To poor unthinking man :
 Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
 Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
 What it would tell me then.
- 10 If in destruction's road I stray ;
 Help me to choose the better way
 That leads to joys on high ;
 Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
 Nor let me ever dare to live,
 So as I dare not die.

HYMN 122. P. M.

- 1 **A**WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 I knew not what to do ;
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink in endless wo.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 For death and hell drew near :

I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load:
Alas! I heard and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
I felt his pity move:
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise:
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

HYMN 123. P. M

1 **H**OW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul

Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compar'd to sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within :
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combin'd ;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain ;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost :
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case :
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had seal'd ;
Then bade me look unto him ;
I look'd—and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death ;
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give ;
He makes no hard condition —
'Tis only look and live.

HYMN 124. P. M.

- 1 **S**EE how the scriptures are fulfilling;
 Poor sinners are returning home:
 The time that prophets were foretelling,
 With signs and wonders now is come.—
 The gospel trumpets now are blowing
 From sea to sea, from land to land;
 God's Holy Spirit is down-pouring,
 And Christians joining heart and hand.
- 2 Ten thousand fall before Jehovah
 For mercy—mercy! loud they cry,
 They rise all shouting "Hallelujah!"
 And "Glory be to God on high:"
 But many cry, "It's all disorder,"
 And disbelieve God's holy word;
 Yet Christians sing and shout the louder,
 "All glory, glory to the Lord."
- 3 Oh sinners! hear our invitation!
 You are but feeble, dying worms;
 Oh fly to Jesus for salvation,
 Or you must meet God's awful storms:
 We warn you in the name of Jesus,
 The awful Judge of quick and dead;
 But if you still refuse to hear us,
 Your blood shall be upon your head.
- 4 Now God is calling every nation,
 The bond and free, the rich and poor;
 These are the days of visitation;
 Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er:
 The Lord shall come all clothed in thunder,
 And lightning streaming from his eye;
 Oh! then he'll cut his foes asunder,
 And cast them where the damned lie.
- 5 The sun affrighted from his centre,
 Sinks into everlasting night;
 The stars to shine now dare not venture
 The moon in crimson veils her light;

The sea and land together burning,
The flames ascend the melting skies ;
All nature now to nought's returning !
"Time is no more !" the angel cries.

6 Now Zion clothed in brilliant glory,
Marches towards the dazzling throne :
Oh hearken to the pleasant story :—
When Christ his charming bride shall own
With smiling looks of approbation,
He takes her to his loving arms,
And she is filled with transportation,
Dissolved in his heavenly charms.

HYMN 125. L. M.

1 **I** LONG to see the season come,
When sinners will come flocking home
To taste the riches of God's love,
And sing his praise in realms above.

2 Hark ! hear the gospel trumpet sound,
Inviting sinners all around ;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart ;
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.

4 A few more days and you must go
To realms of joy, or endless wo ;
In worlds above with Christ to dwell ;
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

5 Come, sinners, all now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake ;
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 Take your companions by the hand,
Take all your children in a band,

And give them up at Jesus's call,
He'll pardon, bless, and save you all.

7 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home;
On Zion's Mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelick band.

HYMN 126. P. M.

1 COME, poor sinners, seek salvation,
Now embrace your precious Lord;
Grace, through faith, to ev'ry nation,
Sounds the glorious gospel word.

CHORUS.

*Oh glory, glory, hallelujah :
Glory be to God that rules on high.*

2 Breathe thy spirit, blessed Jesus,
Let it every bosom move;
Sinners, none but him can save us,
Fly, embrace your Saviour's love.

3 Come, backsliders, though you've pierced him,
And have caused his church to mourn,
Yet you may regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.

4 And come ye, who love King Jesus,
He attends your humble prayer:
Now he waits with joy to crown us,
Lo! we feel his presence here

HYMN 127. P. M.

SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He hath seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry.
He has pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
Lo! the love that fills his heart
Shall wipe away thy tears

- 2 Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face;
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?
- 3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds;
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from wo.
- 4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress;
By himself the Lord hath sworn.
He delights not in thy death;
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayst live by faith.
- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround!
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief!
While he says, "There yet is room,"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Yet Jesus bids thee come.

HYMN 128. P. M.

- 1 **W**HILE angels strike their tuneful strings,
And veil their faces with their wings,
Each saint on earth his Jesus sings,
And joins to praise the King of kings,
Who saves lost souls from ruin.

2 But sinners fond of earthly toys,
Mock and deride, when saints rejoice :
They shut their ears at Jesus's voice,
And make the world and sin their choice,
And force their way to ruin.

3 The preachers warn them night and day ;
For them the Christians weep and pray :
But sinners laugh, and turn away,
And join the wicked, lewd, and gay,
Who throng the road to ruin.

4 Ofttimes in visions of the night,
God doth their guilty souls affright ;
They tremble at the awful sight,
But still again with morning light
Pursue the road to ruin.

5 Sometimes by preaching sinners see,
'They're doomed to hell and misery ;
To turn to God they then agree,
But oh ! 'tis wicked company
Allures their souls to ruin.

6 Ofttimes when nothing else will do,
Affliction will their danger show,
And bring the haughty sinners low ;
Then they'll repent, and pray, and vow ;
But turn again to ruin.

7 When ev'ry way is tried in vain,
No more the spirit strives with man,
But full of guilt and fear and pain,
Death strikes the blow, the sinner's slain,
And sinks to endless ruin.

8 Oh sinners, turn ! you long have stood
Opposed to truth and all that's good ;
You may be saved through Jesus's blood,
Lay down your arms, submit to God,
And thus be saved from ruin.

9 Turn, sinners, neighbours, friend, or foe,
The terrors of the Lord we know ;

Oh tell us, friends, what will you do?
 We cannot bear to let you go
 To everlasting ruin.

HYMN 129. P. M.

1 **S**TOP, poor sinner! stop and think!
 Before you farther go!
 Can you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo!
 Hell beneath is gaping wide,
 Vengeance waits the dread command;
 Soon he'll stop your sport and pride,
 And sink you with the damn'd.

CHORUS.

*Then be entreated now to stop:
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware you'll drop
 Into a burning lake.*

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that great day,
 When lie judgment will proclaim?
 When the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death shall quickly come,
 And drag you to the bar;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair:
 All your sins around you'll crowd—
 Sins of a blood crimson die;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what will you reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass:

Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace,)
 "Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

5 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know;
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow:
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
 Sinners he invites to come;
 None that come shall be denied,
 He says, "There still is room."

HYMN 130. L. M.

1 **O**H! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have thy body torn;
 Give me with broken heart to see
 Thy last tremendous agony.

2 Oh could I gain the mountain's height,
 And gaze upon that bleeding sight:
 Oh that, like Salem's daughters, I
 Could stand and see my Saviour die!

3 I'd smite upon my breast, and mourn,
 And never from his cross return:
 I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
 And mix my tears with Jesus's blood.

4 One precious drop, Lord Jesus, grant;
 One precious drop is all I want;
 One precious drop of thy rich blood,
 Will make me cry, "My Lord, my God."

HYMN 131. P. M.

1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
 My request vouchsafe to hear,
 Hear my never-ceasing cry,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
 Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain:

These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only save me from my guilt ;
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
I am nothing else but sin ;
On thy mercy I rely,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
In thy grace alone I trust :
With my earnest suit comply,
Give me Christ or else I die.

6 Thou hast promised to forgive
All who in thy Son believe ;
Lord, I know thou canst not lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

7 Father, dost thou seem to frown ?
Give me shelter in thy Son ;
Jesus, to thine arms I fly,
Come, and save me, or I die.

HYMN 132. P. M.

1 **K**ING of Salem, bless my soul !
Make a wounded sinner whole
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visits cease !

2 Come ! refresh this soul of mine
With thy sacred bread and wine !
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

3 Hail, Melchizedek divine
Thou great High Priest shalt be mine :
All my powers before thee fall,
Take not tithes, but take them all.

HYMN 133. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve :
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :—
- 2 “I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 “Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess :
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 “I'll to my gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 “I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.”

HYMN 134. L. M.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies ;
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
The vital stream how free it flows.
To save and cleanse his rebel foes
- 3 And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed !
And could the sun behold the deed ?

No; he withdrew his shining ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

4 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warn this cold unfeeling heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

HYMN 135. P. M.

1 **B**EHOLD, the Saviour lies
Hard by where Kedron's waters roll;
And in sad anguish cries,
"The powers of death surround my soul!"
Through every pore exudes the blood
That washes out our stains:
His griefs and fears dry up our tears,
His stripes assuage our pains.

2 Hark! hear his doleful prayer,
"Oh Father, let this cup remove;
In this dread moment spare
The Son of thine eternal love:
Nay—but I'll bear thy wrath severe.
The bitter cup receive:
Wring out the dregs—bear all its plagues,
A dying world to save."

3 The guiltless victim stands,
With lamblike patience at the bar,
'Midst impious heathen bands,
Who wait his tender flesh to tear.
A crown of thorns his brow adorns,
Mock royalty he wears;
Nor turns his face from foul disgrace,
Nor hands that pluck the hairs.

4 In furrows deep and wide
His sacred back the scourges tear,

While scoffing foes deride,
Nor friends his dreadful anguish share.
With furious yells the tumult swells,
All with loud voices cry,
"Let him not live; the robber save,
But Jesus crucify."

5 Lo! on the accursed tree
He struggles with death's awful pains!
In dreadful agony
The absence of his God complains.
His latest prayer, his murd'ers share;
Then to his God he cries,
"The work is done; receive thy Son;"
And bows his head and dies.

6 But Death could not retain
The Lord of life and glory long
He bursts the dark domain,
And drags in chains the vanquish'd throng
Bright glory now adorns his brow,
Angels before him fall,
With mortals sing, and praise our King,
And own him Lord of all.

HYMN 136. L. M.

1 **W**HEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
But see! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;

Only the Fountain Head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh that I thus could always feel !
Lord, more and more thy love reveal ;
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim,
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear ;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN 137. C. M.

1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood ;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain :
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll die that thou may'st live."

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue ;
 (Such is the mystery of grace,)
 It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
 My spirit now is fill'd.
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 138. P. M.

- 1 **S**AW ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour?
 Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended! he was extended!
 Shamefully nail'd to the cross ;
 Oh! he bow'd his head and died! thus my Lord
 was crucifi'd,
 To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
 Three dreadful hours in pain ;
 Oh! the sun refused to shine, when his majesty
 divine
 Was derided, insulted, and slain.
- 4 Darkness prevailed! darkness prevailed!
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land ;
 Oh! the solid rocks were rent, through creation's
 vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the God-man.
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
 And the atonement was made,
 He was taken by the great, and embalm'd in
 spices sweet,
 And in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
 Prince and the author of peace ;

Oh! He burst the bands of death, and triumphant
 through the east
 He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding! now interceding!

Pleading that sinners may live;

Crying, Father, I have died! Oh behold my hand
 and side,

To redeem them;—I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them; I will forgive them,

If they'll repent and believe; [thee,

Let them now return to me, and be reconcil'd to
 And salvation they shall receive

HYMN 139. P. M.

1 **A**S near to Calvary I pass,
 Methinks I see a bloody cross,
 Where a poor victim hangs;
 His flesh with rugged irons tore,
 His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
 Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surprised the spectacle to see,

I ask'd, who can this victim be,

In such exquisite pain?

Why thus consign'd to woes, I cried;

"'Tis I," the bleeding Lamb replied,

"To save a world from sin."

3 A Christ for rebel mortal dies!

How can it be! my soul replies,

What! Jesus die for me?

"Yes," saith the suffering Son of God,

"I give my life, I spill my blood,

"For thee, poor soul, for thee."

4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely given

To bring my wretched soul to heaven,

And bless me with thy love;

Then at thy feet, oh God, I'll fall,

Give thee my life, my soul, my all,

To reign with thee above.

HYMN 140. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride !
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God :
All the vain things that charm the most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 141. C. M.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer,
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh,
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, oh Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.
- 5 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame

That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
6 Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promised grace receive ;
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will.
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 142. P. M.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit, prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
3 With my burden I begin—
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
5 As the image in the glass,
Answers the beholder's face :
Thus unto my heart appear
Print thine own resemblance there.
6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
7 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew,
Let me live a life of faith ;
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 143. P. M.

- 1 **N**AY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am !
Ah ! my Lord, thou know'st my name ;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy ;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard and set him free ;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last.
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold :
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus's sake.

HYMN 144. P. M.

- 1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease ;
Come, oh come ! and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of peace ;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion
Here the people mourn and weep ;

- Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree ;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us ;
Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;
Then we'll rush through what incumbers,
Over every hind'rance leap,
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth ;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour
Oh ! good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 4 Come good Lord, 'with courage arm us,
Persecution rages here—
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us, and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.
- 5 Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, " Fear not, little flock ;
I, myself, am your Foundation,
You are built upon this Rock,
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep ;
Look to me, and be ye holy ;
I delight to feed my sheep.
- 6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us
Taught by him, we'll own his name
Sweetest of all names is Jesus !
How it doth our souls inflame

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory, he will keep,
 He will clear our way before us,
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 145. P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Lest thou visit us again.

CHORUS.

*Lord revive us, Lord revive us,
 Lord revive thy work in me;
 O Lord revive us, O revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.*

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
 Every part look'd gay and green;
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
 Happy season we have seen!

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
 Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples for our youth!

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below;
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
 Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;

- But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again.
 Oh permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 146. P. M.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine :
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load ;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
 The blood of atonement apply,
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The Rock that is higher than I.
 Speak, Saviour ! for sweet is thy voice ;
 Thy presence is fair to behold :
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep.
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,

"The Lord has forsaken thee quite ;
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
And tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee.
Almighty to rescue thou art ;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower ;
Come, succour and gladden my heart
Let this be the day of thy power.

HYMN 147. L. M.

1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw :
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright :
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

5 Were half the time thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent ;
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

HYMN 148. L. M.

1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call ;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint?
Where should I lodge my sad complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not thy word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me,
I have an advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor tho' I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 149. P. M.

1 "MERCY, oh thou Son of David!"
Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy grace are saved,
Now vouchsafe to me thine aid:"
While he cried, many chid him,
But he pray'd the louder still,
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live:
But he ask'd and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.
"Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not thy case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
Oh that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely, they would come unto him;
He would cause them all to see.

4 "Now I freely leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way;
He will guide me by his counsel;
Lead me to eternal day:
There I shall behold my Saviour,
Spotless, innocent, and pure:
And with him shall reign for ever,
If I to the end endure."

HYMN 150. S. M.

1 **H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again,
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we should starve indeed,
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give!
Oh! hear the prayer of faith, and grant,
That we may eat and live.

HYMN 151. P. M.

1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall
come.
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?

- Shall such a wretched worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be cast out,
 When thou shalt for them call?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace.
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place
 In this accepted day:
 Thy pard'ning voice oh let me hear,
 To still thy unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 When the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face:
 The loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding musick rings
 With shouts of loudest praise.

HYMN 152. C. M.

- 1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend,
 As such I look to thee;
 Now in the bowels of thy love,
 Oh Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God
 I yield myself to thee;
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,
 Oh Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
 Yet thy salvation's free;

Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

7 And when I close my eyes in death
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray remember me.

HYMN 153. P. M

1 **E**NCOURAGED by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door:
No hand, no heart, oh Lord! but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
I know thou wouldst disdain:
But those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more:
Thou knowest from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few;
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I should deserve.

- 5 Nor dare I to pretend
 I never begg'd before ;
 And if thou now befriend
 I'll trouble thee no more :
 Thou often hast relieved my pain,
 And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crunibs are much too good
 For such a wretch as I,
 No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy :
 Oh do not frown and bid me go,
 I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounties to conceal
 From others, who like me
 Their wants and hunger feel ;
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send ten thousand more.
- 8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
 Our ways and thoughts transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above this earth extend ;
 Such pleas as mine *men* would not hear,
 But God receives the beggar's prayer.

HYMN 154. P. M.

- 1 **I**F ever pity moved thee,
 Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness ;
 If ever saints have proved thee,
 A sure relief in deep distress ;
 Oh breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Thyself to me, oh Christ, impart,
 And give me to inherit
 Thy kingdom form'd within my heart.
- 2 By Satan oft deceived,
 Drawn from the path of righteousness,
 Thy Spirit oft I've grieved,
 And brought upon me sore distress ;

- But as thy great compassion
 Extends to all the fallen race,
 In faith for thy salvation
 I humbly look through sovereign grace.
- 3 Here like apostate Peter,
 My tears I shed, and make my moan:
 Pity thy faithless creature,
 Dear Lord, and break my heart of stone.
 Accept of my petition,
 Thy pardon to my soul reveal,
 Thou great, thou good Physician,
 Hear, and my wounded spirit heal.
- 4 All glory to the Saviour,
 Who shed for me his precious blood,
 I feel I'm in his favour,
 That I am his, and he's my God.
 Much he hath me forgiven,
 Much, while on earth, oh may I love,
 Then find my way to heaven,
 And join the blood-wash'd throng above.
- 5 There, through the starry regions,
 To sound aloud redeeming grace,
 And with celestial legions,
 With joy proclaim my Maker's praise.
 There, free from pain and sadness,
 I'll shout and sing for evermore,
 Where all is joy and gladness,
 On that eternal, happy shore.

HYMN 155. C. M.

- 1 **O**H for a breeze of heavenly love,
 To waft my soul away,
 To that celestial world above,
 Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
 My pilot here below,
 To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
 Where stormy winds do blow.

- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair ;
Oh guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

HYMN 156. S. M.

- 1 **P**REPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name !
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame !
- 2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endured,
That rebels such as you and I,
From wrath might be secured.
- 3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay :
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and filth away.
- 4 And now he pleading stands
For us before the throne,
And answers all the law's demands
With what himself hath done.
- 5 The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn souls to move :
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.
- 6 The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls ;
His wisdom, love, and truth, engage
Protection for our souls.
- 7 Though press'd we will not yield,
But shall prevail at length ;

For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.

8 Assured that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph, while we fight.

HYMN 157. P. M.

1 **W**HEN my Shepherd, my Saviour is near,
How quickly my sorrows depart ;
New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart.
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain ;
If my Shepherd his power control,
I think I no more shall complain.

2 But, alas, what a change do I find,
When my Shepherd withdraws from my sight,
My foes all return to my mind,
My day is soon changed into night,
Then Satan his efforts renews
To vex and ensnare me again—
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.

3 By these changes I often pass through,
I am taught my own weakness to know—
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe.
'Tis he that supports me through all ;
When I faint he revives me again ;
He attends to my prayer when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4 Why then should I murmur or grieve,
Since my Shepherd is always the same,
And has promised he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name ?
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain,

And at length he will surely appear,
Though he leaves me a while to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace ?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And that shortly this warfare will cease.
For ere long he will bid me remove
From this region of sorrow and pain,
To abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

HYMN 158. P. M.

1 COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who saved from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie ;
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he pass'd by,
" With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry ;
And look'd this way and that to fly ;
It grieved me so that I must die ;
I strove salvation for to buy :
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean ;
And oh ! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

7 Oh come, backsliders, come away,
And mind to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day ;
And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and wo,
And then we'll all to glory go,
And then we'll see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise ;
And oh my soul, look on and gaze !
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
To give you heavenly union.

10 Oh could I, like an angel, sound
Salvation through the earth around,
The devil's kingdom to confound ;
I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
And spread this glorious union.

HYMN 159. P. M.

1 **WE** soon shall break all nature's ties,
On wings of love our souls shall rise,
And shout salvation through the skies,
And win the mark, and gain the prize,
And feel a blessed union.

2 And when we reach the blissful plains
Where love divine immortal reigns,
We'll bid adieu to all our pains
And join the sweet angelick strains,
In one eternal union.

3 There we shall see as we are seen,
 Without a dimming veil between;
 And not a cloud shall intervene,
 But all is pleasant and serene
 In climes of perfect union.

4 There we shall reign eternally,
 And praise the Lamb that sets us free,
 Who groan'd and died upon the tree,
 That we might his salvation see,
 And feel this blessed union.

5 Almighty God! each heart and tongue
 To thee shall raise a glorious song;
 All praises to thy name belong:
 Let Zion sing, Thy kingdom come,
 And fill the world with union.

6 And when the final trump shall sound,
 And wake the nations under ground,
 Our souls and bodies shall obey,
 And fly to everlasting day;
 Then sweet will be this union.

7 Divisions then will all be o'er,
 And party spirit reign no more:
 The church triumphant will be pure,
 And all God's people dwell secure,
 Where none can break their union.

HYMN 160. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast:
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
 My shield and hiding place -

- My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king ;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath :
 And may the musick of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 161. L. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, God the Father, glorious light !
 Hail, God the Son, my soul's delight '
 Hail, Holy Ghost, eternal Three !
 My anthem through eternity.
- 2 Ye glitt'ring orbs around the skies,
 But speak his glories in disguise :
 Your silent language ne'er can tell
 The wisdom of Immanuel.
- 3 Tell mountains, that becloud the sky,
 With all the hills that round you lie,
 While time endures you ne'er can tell
 The grandeurs of Immanuel.
- 4 Ye trembling seas, with dismal roar,
 Whose billows sound from shore to shore,
 Your thund'ring language ne'er can tell
 The power of Immanuel.
- 5 Ye worlds on worlds, with all your throng
 Through every clime extend your song ;
 A guilty world's preserv'd from hell
 By Christ, the King Immanuel.

- 6 Behold him leave his Father's throne
Behold him bleed, and hear him groan :
Death's iron chain would fail to tell
The strength of King Immanuel.
- 7 Behold him take his ancient seat,
And millions bowing at his feet ,
He conquer'd all the hosts of hell,
Yes, glory to Immanuel.
- 8 His fame shall spread from pole to pole,
While glory rolls from soul to soul ;
The gospel now goes forth to tell,
The love of King Immanuel.
- 9 While I am singing of his name,
My soul begins to feel the flame ;
I'm full, I'm full, but ne'er can tell
The glory of Immanuel.
- 10 I long to hear the trumpet sound,
And see his glories blaze around :
Then will I shout, and sing, and tell,
Redemption through Immanuel.
- 11 Ten thousand thousand in the throng,
Ten thousand thousand join the song ;
All saved from a gaping hell,
Give glory to Immanuel.
- 12 My soul's transported with his charms
I long to lie in Jesus's arms :—
My loving brethren, all farewell,
I go to meet Immanuel.

HYMN 162. P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :—
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;

Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is a redeeming love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free, and faithful, strong as death

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love thee more!

HYMN 163. C. M.

1 COME, all ye mourning pilgrims now,
The joyful news I'll tell;
The Lord hath sent salvation down,
To save our souls from hell;
The angels brought the tidings down,
To shepherds in the field,
That God to man is reconciled
His son to men reveal'd.

CHORUS.

*Sing glory, honour, to the Lamb,
Salvation to our King;
Let all that's wash'd in Jesus's blood,
His glorious praises sing.*

2 Come all ye poor despised souls,
Unto his fold repair;
Where God his boundless love unfolds,
And says he'll meet us there.

His glorious presence fills our souls
 With songs of loudest praise ;
 Let all that want a Saviour dear,
 Their hearts and voices raise.

3 There's glory, glory in my soul,
 It came from heaven above ;
 Which makes me praise my God so bold,
 And his dear children love.
 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
 I love his ways so well ;
 Because his precious blood was shed
 To save my soul from hell.

4 When weeping Mary came to seek
 Her Lord, with a perfume,
 The napkin and the sheet she found
 Together in the tomb ;
 The angel said, He is not here,
 He's risen from the dead,
 And streams of grace to sinners flow
 All free as did his blood.

HYMN 164. L. M.

1 **W**ITH rev'rence to the King of kings,
 Whose throne is fix'd above our sight :
 My soul would stretch her feeble wings,
 And trace the glories of his feet.

He moves majestick through the earth,
 Surveys with care the crimes of men :
 He marks their sins, he hears their mirth,
 And by his judgments comes again.

2 How oft has he his power display'd,
 While love and wrath have mingled here ;
 How many number'd with the dead—

How many empty seats appear,
 Our aged friends with whom we've sung.
 With whom we preach'd, with whom we pray'd,
 Have gone to fill their empty tomb,
 And hold a mansion with the dead.

3 The old, the young, the vile, the just,
 Have felt the mandate from his throne ;
 They've lost their glories in the dust,
 To heaven or hell their souls have gone.
 The crowds immersed in mourning shades,
 With sighs and tears their loss deplore ;
 The bands of love and ties of blood,
 Dissolved by death and known no more.

4 The partner of a husband's joy,
 Must take her leave, and soon be gone ;
 We hear the helpless orphan cry ;
 We hear the tender lover mourn :
 The wife laments her head and friend,
 From her embraces torn away ;
 Connubial joys have found an end,
 To death they fall an easy prey.

5 The parents' heart now bleeds with grief,
 To see their fainting children lie ;
 To hear them cry for some relief,
 To see them fade, and faint, and die,
 Alas ! is this our dreadful doom ?
 Yes, death by his resistless sway,
 Is emptying rooms to furnish tombs,
 And moving kindred friends away.

6 But why should we in dungeons sigh,
 Or sink beneath the shades of gloom ?
 Or why surrender all our joys,
 And fall as victims to the tomb ?
 Why should we dread the tyrant king,
 Or doubt the Saviour's power to save ?
 Since he has drawn the monster's sting,
 And as a conqueror left the grave.

7 The marble vault nor mighty stone,
 Nor Cesar's seal, nor Pilate's guard,
 Could hold the sacred prisoner long,
 Or triumph o'er the rising Lord.

- The angel roll'd the stone away,
 He burst the gloomy vault in twain;
 Darkness was kindled into day,
 Rising he triumph'd o'er his pain.
- 8 He fed and bless'd his feeble band,
 Then took his leave to mount on high;
 Behold his wond'ring children stand,
 Gazing to heaven with sacred eye.
 His golden chariot rose aloft,
 Up to the eternal worlds of light,
 The heavenly hosts begin the song,
 While Galileans lose the sight.
- 9 The doors of heaven fly open wide,
 To let the King of glory in;
 While angels guard on every side,
 Proclaim his victory over sin.
 Millions of saved sinners join,
 With love and rapture in their eyes;
 To gaze upon the eternal Son,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

HYMN 165. P. M.

- 1 **F**AR above yon glorious ceiling
 Of the azure-vaulted sky,
 Jesus sits, his love revealing
 To his splendid troops on high.
- 2 Hosts seraphick humbly bowing,
 At his feet they prostrate fall;
 Saints and angels all avowing,
 God in Christ is all in all.
- 3 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
 Of a fancied heaven below,
 And see Jesus's glory beaming,
 How our soul would long to go.
- 4 Earth by us would then be spurned,
 All its vanity subside;
 Fuel fit for to be burned,
 All its honours, pleasures, pride.

- 5 From the general conflagration
We should to God's refuge fly ;
Clasp the hope of our salvation,
Live in Christ, in Jesus die.
- 6 We in him our rest regaining,
All its blessedness should prove ;
O'er our foes victorious reigning,
Perfected in spotless love.
- 7 We should for his day be waiting,
When the full reward is given ;
When the glorious work's completed,
Jesus takes his church to heaven.
- 8 Pure from every stain of nature,
There in holiness to shine ;
Moulded like its great Creator,
All immortal, all divine.

HYMN 166. P. M.

- 1 I'LL sing my Saviour's grace,
And his dear name I'll praise
While in this land of sorrow I remain :
My troubles soon will end,
And my soul will ascend,
When freed from this dull clod of cumbrous clay.
- 2 A pilgrim here below,
While in this vale of wo,
I live in exile, mourning like the dove ;
My days in sorrow roll,
And my weary soul
With earnest longings pants to mount above.
- 3 Though few my days have been,
Much trouble I have seen,
And deep afflictions I have waded through ;
For thorny is the way
To eternal day ;
Yet forward will I press, and onward go

4 Another day is gone,
And yon declining sun
Has veil'd his radiant beams in sable shades
While gloomy darkness reigns
O'er the extensive plains,
And awful silence closes up the scene.

5 Thus rapidly flies away
Every succeeding day,
And life's declining light draws to a close ;
This life's short setting sun
Will soon in death go down,
And lay my weary limbs in sweet repose.

6 On eagles' wings of love
Then I shall mount above,
And find my passage safe to endless day :
Then happy, sweet surprise !
What great new wonders rise,
When freed from this dull clod of cumbrous clay

7 Oh ! what a glorious sight,
And what supreme delight
Will strike my raptured eyes when I behold—
When Salem's gates I see
Fly open wide to me,
And streets of glitt'ring fine transparent gold.

8 But oh ! and shall I then
Behold the friend of men—
The man who suffer'd, bled, and died for me ;
Who bore my load of sin,
Sorrow, and grief, and pain,
To make me happy, and to set me free ?

9 To living fountains then,
And to rich pastures green,
To trees of paradise he leads his lambs ;
While millions falling down.
Prostrated all around,
And at his footstool cast their glitt'ring crowns

10 Ye heavenly arches ring,
Sing hallelujahs! sing,
Hail! holy, holy, holy bleeding Lamb;
Once we were dead in sin,
But now we live again,
And glory, glory, glory to his name.

HYMN 167. P. M.

1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
"Oh my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal moon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

HYMN 168. C. M.

1 **A**RISE and shine, oh Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come!
'Thy glorious conq'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home:

The trumpet sounding through the sky,
To set poor captives free ;
The day of wonder now is nigh,
The year of jubilee.

2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
The earth must know her doom ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judge is come .
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth !
Consume the rolling flood !
While every star shall disappear
Go turn the moon to blood !

3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear ;
All tongues and languages shall grace,
Their final doom to hear !
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;
And Gabriel with a silver trump,
Echoes the awful sound !

4 The glorious news of gospel grace
To sinners now is o'er ;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more !
The watchmen all have left their walls
And with their flocks above.
On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing
And shout redeeming love !

5 Come on, my brethren in the Lord
Whose hearts are join'd in one ;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run :
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling bids you come ;
And angels whisp'ring you away
To your eternal home.

HYMN 169. C. M.

- 1 **T**O see a pilgrim as he dies,
 With glory in his view ;
 To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
 And bids the world adieu ;
 While friends are weeping all around,
 And loath to let him go ;
 He shouts with his expiring breath,
 And leaves them all below !
- 2 Oh Christians ! are you ready now
 To cross the swelling flood ?
 On Canaan's happy shore behold,
 And see your smiling God :
 The dazzling charms of that bright world
 Attract my soul above ;
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace
 When perfected in love.
- 3 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 I'm bound to meet you there ;
 Although we tread enchanted ground,
 Be bold and never fear :
 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
 (Your Captain is in view ;)
 And when I gain fair Canaan's land,
 I hope to meet with you.
- 4 Salvation through our conqu'ring King,
 Now let the echo fly ;
 While they repeat the song above,
 Through armies in the sky.
 Oh Christians ! help me praise the Lamb
 Who died for you and me !
 We'll sing his praises as we go,
 And shout eternally.
- 5 Go on my brethren in the Lord,
 Until we meet again,
 Perhaps in time, or as we rise
 Above the fiery main .

We'll join the heavenly armies bright,
 In presence of the Lamb,
 And tune our harps, and sing free grace,
 In love's eternal flame.

HYMN 170. P. M.

- 1 **D**EATH, he is the king of terrours,
 And a terrour unto kings;
 Oft he fills our minds with horrors,
 Telling us of frightful things;
 Lands of darkness, shades of silence,
 Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie:
 How many thousands she has conquer'd!
 We, alas! must shortly die!—
- 2 “Yes, I'm Death, I spare not any,
 Children, husbands, or their wives;
 Nor am I ever brib'd by money—
 Physick will not save their lives:
 Deaf I am to all entreaties,
 When commissioned, forth I go;
 With mortal paleness on my features,
 Thus I give the fatal blow!
- 3 “See, weak man, how unexpected,
 In my chariot forth I ride!
 Fierce convulsions, pains, and fevers,
 Are the weapons by my side:
 Kingdoms, countries, or their cities,
 Kings, their councils, or their slaves,
 None of these mine eyes have pitied,
 Quick I bring them to their graves.
- 4 “See them lie without distinction!
 Thus I boast my thousands slain;
 Nor can reason's comprehension
 E'er behold them rise again.”—
 Stop, oh Death! don't boast of victory
 Stop, and hear what faith can say
 Our bless'd Jesus, glorious Saviour!
 Was entomb'd near Calvary.

- 5 See him rising ! hear him triumph !
 " I, oh Death ! have conquer'd you ;
 Though thy looks are so dismaying
 To my saints, I'll bring them through.
 This gives cause for all believers
 To rejoice in Christ their King ;
 Death's no more than a dark curtain,
 Drawn to let my saints come in
- 6 " There the wicked cease from troubling,
 There the weary are at rest ;
 There my saints do cease from suff'ring,
 There they are divinely blest ;
 Free from sin, and free from sorrow,
 Free from sickness, care, and pain ;
 Gloomy thoughts, or dismal horrors,
 Ne'er shall frighten them again."
- 7 Thus the saints in holy triumph
 May rejoice in Christ their King,
 Ask the grave, " Where is thy vict'ry ?
 Boasting death ! where is thy sting ?"
 Redeem'd and pardon'd through the Saviour,
 Though the grave my flesh annoy,
 Death's but the gate to endless glory,
 Gate to everlasting joy.

HYMN 171. P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy for ever roll,
 'Tis there I have my treasure,
 And there I long to rest my soul.
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
 But since my Saviour found me,
 A lamp has shone along my way.
- 2 My way is full of danger ;
 But 'tis the path that leads to God,
 And like a faithful soldier
 I'll boldly march along the road.

Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield ;
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Zion,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;
Oh come along, dear sinners,
And see Immanuel's happy land :
To all who stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell ;
Come now, or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surround me,
And Jordan's current rolls before ;
Oh how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar !
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there ?
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair ?

5 The stream shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave,
If Jesus stands beside me
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave :
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale,
Oh ! may this Friend be with me
While through the gates of death I sail !

6 Come then, thou king of terrors,
And with thy dagger lay me low—
I then shall reach those regions
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Oh sinners ! shall I leave you ?
No more to join your social band !
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment bar we stand ?

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,

And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll;
 Then we shall see the Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels come,
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his faithful servants home.

8 Then, sinners, you'll be driven
 Down to the lake of fire and pain,
 To dwell in flaming sulphur,
 And never to return again,—
 Then sinners, you'll remember
 Who warn'd you of that dreadful end;
 While the smoking of your torment
 In pitchy clouds shall up ascend.

HYMN 172. P. M.

1 YE travellers to paradise,
 (That happy, happy state !)
 Whose name, and ways, and spirit,
 A wicked world doth hate;
 Your highway lies before you,
 And upward doth ascend,
 And leads you on to glory,
 To see your dearest Friend.

2 A Friend that's nearer to you
 Than any brother here,
 Your Lord and only Saviour,
 Your great Redeemer dear;
 Who once a human body
 Upon himself did take,
 Us sinners heirs of glory
 Eternally to make.

3 Who suffer'd, bled, and groan'd, and died,
 Upon the Roman cross,
 To make atonement for our sins,
 And to retrieve our loss.
 He gain'd our pardon when he died,
 And so removed the curse,

And then ascended up on high,
To intercede for us.

4 Exalted there, at God's right hand,
The loving Lamb doth sit,
And shows his wounded body,
His head, his hands, his feet ;
He pleads his matchless merit
Before his Father's throne,
And send us down his Spirit,
And holds us out a crown.

5 Oh brethren, look upon that crown,
And see how bright it shines !
Exceeding far in lustre
Diana's silver shrines ;
Its value is immensely great,
Surpassing human thought ;
So rich a crown was never yet
With gold or silver bought.

6 A crown of life, of endless life !
The gracious gift of God !
To which you have a title
Through faith in Jesus's blood ;
And you your title still may hold ;
And now my faith may view
The Lamb once slain, but risen again,
To intercede for you.

7 Don't you grow faint and weary,
As many a one hath done,
But finish well your journey,
As you have now begun ;
You're on a state of trial,
But it will shortly end ;
And you'll ascend to glory,
To see your dearest Friend.

8 Not transiently to visit,
(And then to earth remove,)
But dwell for ever with the Lord,
And live upon his love ;

Your sin shall cease to trouble there,
Temptations will be o'er ;
Oh brethren, keep a closer walk,
And love your Jesus more.

HYMN 173. C. M.

- 1 **B**OLD soldiers all, on you I call,
Although you are but few :
When you've done all, stand fast, and keep
The glorious prize in view !
The time draws nigh when you and I
Must cross bold Jordan's flood :
On wings of love we'll soar above,
And scale the mount of God.
- 2 The city hath foundations twelve,
And golden gates the same—
All paved, and set with diamonds bright,
On each engraved a name :
All round this glorious city, shine
The walls of dazzling gold ;
No mortal eye can reach so high,
Those glories to behold.
- 3 I long to see that heavenly place,
And to return no more ;
I long to sing redeeming grace
On Canaan's blissful shore :
I long to see my blessed God,
Who saved my soul from hell,
I long to see my brethren there,
Whom I do love so well.
- 4 Bright shining armies there to join,
Adoring round the throne,
And everlasting praises sing,
To the great Three in One :
There parents, and the children too,
May join the heavenly throng—
I hope to meet my brethren there,
And then renew my song.

5 My soul is rising, while I sing,
 Towards the blissful goal :
 I feel the love of Christ my King,
 Now running through my soul :
 My soul is struggling to be gone
 To those bright worlds above,
 To shout and sing redeeming grace,
 In strains of perfect love.

HYMN 174. C. M.

1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
 This treibling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward and attend
 The whispers of his love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
 In life's fair book set down,
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.

4 If such the sweetness of the streams.
 What must the fountain be ?
 Where saints and angels draw the bliss
 Immediate from Thee.

HYMN 175. P. M.

1 **P**EOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Path of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found—
 Now to you my spirit turns—
 Turns, a fugitive unblest :
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh receive me to your rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,

Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more ;
 Ev'ry idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain and loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour ;
 "Follow me," I know thy voice—
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see ;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice,
 Light thy burden now to me.

HYMN 176. C. M.

1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those that love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part ;
 When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.

4 When love in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flows ;
 When union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 177. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the cordial of love !
A balm to the sorrowful soul :
It flows from the Fountain above,
And makes the disconsolate whole.
- 2 How happy the souls that are blest,
And sprinkled with Jesus's blood !
That lean on Immanuel's breast,
And live in communion with God !
- 3 This heavenly sweetness below
Is common to all that believe ;
The joys of communion they know,
In bonds of affection they live.
- 4 While striving to gain the blest shore,
They mutual succour afford ;
They look to the heaven before,
And follow their Captain the Lord.
- 5 Their joys, that on earth are begun,
Will soon be completed above :
Their labour below will be done
When lost in the ocean of love.
- 6 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail with their Saviour below ;
Their union will then be complete,
And sorrow they never shall know.

HYMN 178. P. M.

- 1 **I**F life's pleasures charm thee, give ~~them~~ ^{to}
thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee from thy God ~~to~~ ;
His favour seek, his praises speak,
Fix here thy hope's foundation,
Serve him, and he will ever be
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee ; to thy Saviour flee ;

He ever near thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation :
 The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not
 distress,
 Better comforts wait thee ; Christ will freely
 bless ;
 To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
 Thy heavenly consolation :
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not
 alarm,
 Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from
 harm,
 He near thee stands with mighty hands,
 To ward off each temptation :
 To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his
 blow,
 For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow,
 For death shall bring to thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation :
 'Tis gain to die with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of thy salvation.

HYMN 179. C. M.

1 'TIS past—the dreadful stormy night,
 Is gone with all its fears !
 And now I see returning light—
 The Lord, my Sun, appears.

2 The tempter, who but lately said,
 I soon should be his prey,
 Has heard my Saviour's voice and fled,
 With shame and sad dismay.

- 3 Ah ! Lord, since thou didst hide thy face,
What has my soul endured ?
But now 'tis past, I feel thy grace,
And all my wounds are cured.
- 4 Oh wondrous change ! but just before,
Despair beset me round,
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.
- 5 Before corruption, guilt and fear,
My comforts blasted fell !
And unbelief discover'd near
The dreadful depths of hell.
- 6 But Jesus pitied my distress,
He heard my feeble cry.
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 7 Lord, since thou thus hast broke my bands
And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all, to thee.

HYMN 180. P. M.

- 1 **T**EMPTED, tossed, troubled spirit,
Dost thou groan beneath thy load ?
Fearing thou shalt not inherit
In the kingdom of thy God ?
View thy Saviour on the mountain,
In temptation's painful hour ;
Though of grace himself the fountain,
And the Lord of boundless power.
- 2 Do thy blooming prospects languish ?
Say'st thou still, " I'm not his child,"
View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,
Famish'd in the gloomy wild.
Not a step in all thy journey,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.

- 3 Though through seas of tribulation
 Jesus calls thee here to go,
 He hath wrought thy great salvation
 In far deeper seas of wo.
 Jesus, though by God anointed,
 Christ the co-eternal Son,
 As by love divine appointed,
 Treads the winepress all alone.
- 4 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow ?
 Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,
 Witness there the doleful horror
 Of the suffering Son of God.
 There the victim, groaning, weeping,
 Bears the wrath of God alone,
 While his senseless followers sleeping,
 Scarce regard a single groan.
- 5 On the chilly ground extended,
 Lo he takes the bitter cup !
 With Almighty vengeance blended,
 Drinks the dreadful contents up ;
 Now the avenging sword pursues him
 Up to Calv'ry's rugged brow :
 There the wrath of God doth bruise him,
 But *my soul* escapes the blow.
- 6 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
 Be unto the Father given :
 Sing his praises without ceasing,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven
 Glory be to Christ the Saviour,
 Who hath bought us with his blood :
 Glory to the blessed Spirit,
 Glory to the mighty God.

HYMN 181. C. M.

- 1 **C**OURAGE, my soul ! behold the prize
 The Saviour's love provides :
 Eternal life beyond the skies
 For all whom here he guides.

The wicked cease from troubling there,
 The weary are at rest ;
 Sorrow, and sin, and pain and care,
 No more approach the blest.

2 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
 With Satan now are join'd ;
 Each acts a too successful part
 In harrassing my mind.

In conflicts with this threefold troop,
 How weary, Lord, am I ?
 Did not thy promise bear me up,
 My soul would faint and die.

3 But fainting in my Saviour's strength,
 Though mighty are my foes,
 I shall a conqueror prove at length
 O'er all that can oppose.

Then why, my soul, complain or fear ?
 The crown of glory see !
 The more I toil and suffer here,
 The sweeter rest will be.

HYMN 182. C. M.

1 **S**WEET rivers of redeeming love
 Lie just before mine eye,
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly .
 I'd rise superior to my pain,
 With joy outstrip the wind ;
 I'd cross o'er Jordan's stormy waves,
 And leave the world behind.

2 A few more days or years at most,
 My troubles will be o'er ;
 I hope to join the heavenly host
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 My raptured soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea :
 The glorious hope of endless rest
 Is ravishing to me.

- 3 Oh come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky !
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay—
Make haste and bring it nigh :
I long to see thy glorious face.
And in thy image shine ;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.
- 4 Then will I tune my harp of gold
To my eternal King,
Through ages that can ne'er be told
I'll make thy praises ring.
All hail, eternal Son of God ;
Who died on Calvary !
Who bought me with his precious blood,
From endless misery.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand join in one
To praise the eternal three,
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility ;
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And join the immortal choir,
Through ages that can ne'er be told
Shall raise his praises higher.
- 6 Salvation in sweet purling streams
Through Canaan's land doth roll,
Proceeding from the throne of God
To bathe the pilgrim's soul ;
Ten thousand thousand glitt'ring crowns,
All set with diamonds bright !
And there my Saviour Jesus reigns,
Who is my heart's delight.

HYMN 183. P. M.

- 1 **W**AND'RING pilgrims, mourning Chris-
tians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sin are sore distressed ;

Christ hath sent me to invite you,
To a rich and costly feast :
Let not shame or pride prevent you,
Come, the rich provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will give you gospel grace.
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him here below ;
With your troubles now draw near him,
He the blessing will bestow.

3 If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,
Cry to Jesus, Son of David,
He will give you gospel light.
If, like Mary, you've been keeping
Seven devils in your embrace :
Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,
He will bid you go in peace.

4 If your heart is unbelieving,
Doubting Jesus's pardoning love,—
Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting
Till the troubled waters move.
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk :
Jesus ready waits to heal you,
He will bid you rise and walk.

5 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patient, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.
Are you weary, heavy laden ?
He will give you sweet repose.
Bear his light and easy burden,
He shall conquer all your foes.

HYMN 184. P. M.

Sweet Home.

1 **A**N alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander through earth its gay pleasures
to trace ;

In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas ! that it led me from home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour ! direct me to heaven my home.

2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay,
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at
home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms :
At the Banquet of Mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home !

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus conduct me to heaven my home !

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view ;
I feast on his pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my
home

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home !

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say :
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my
throne,

And dwell in my presence for ever at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.

HYMN 185. P. M.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, don't you want a teacher,
Helper, counsellor and guide?
Don't you want a gospel preacher?
Ask the Lord and he'll provide.
Build on no man's parts or merit,
But behold the gospel plan;
Jesus sends his Holy Spirit,
And the spirit fits the man.
- 2 Bless, dear Lord, each lab'ring servant—
Bless the work they undertake;
Make them able, make them fervent,
Bless them for thy church's sake.
Happy soul who loves and follows
Jesus speaking in his word;
Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
All are one in Christ the Lord.
- 3 While the gospel is a preaching,
Jesus stands with open arms,
Warning sinners, and beseeching,
Come, behold the gospel charms,
If you here reject salvation,
Thus before your Maker's face,
You will seal your own damnation
By neglecting of his grace.
- 4 Come, dear souls, pray now believe it,
Feel your folly, sin and shame,
Then you freely may receive it,
And be thankful for the same.
Could you feel your guilt with power,
Press upon you from above;
Scarcely could you rest one hour,
Short of pardon, peace and love.
- 5 Lord, remove the false foundation,
Where their tottering hopes are found;
Let the gospel invitation,
Cultivate the barren ground.

When their hopes begin to leave them,
And for mercy they do cry;
Lord in mercy then receive them,
Make them fit to live or die.

HYMN 186. P. M.

1 **H**OW sad are the moments when wandering
from God,
And thorny and dark is the dangerous road,
But light is the pathway which leads to the tomb,
When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus my
home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus my
home.

2 Though fading are joys which earth can bestow,
And false is the light which illumines us below:
Though sorrows like clouds hangs round us in
gloom,

The beams of his love light me on my way home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
The beams of his love light me on my way
home.

3 When the tempest of life has sunk into repose,
And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,
With all the redeem'd, I o'er it will roam.
And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.

HYMN 187. L. M.

1 **L**IFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

*We'll serve the Lord, we'll watch and pray,
We'll serve the Lord in the righteous way.*

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory.

If we but strive, and watch, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 Oh good old way ! how sweet thou art !
May none of us from thee depart ;
But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ
Our happiness for to destroy ;
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 The good old way is safe by night ;
No mortal foe our souls shall fright,
If all along throughout the day
We're walking in the good old way.

6 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
Who count all earthly things but loss ;
Continue still to watch and pray,
And hasten on the good old way.

7 The pillar and the cloud before !
The watchmen cry, the trumpets roar !
Tall sons of Anak we will slay,
And shout along the good old way.

8 The promised land is just in view,
And I'm resolved to go with you ;
Press on, my soul, and win the day,
By running in the good old way.

9 Then when on Pisgah's top we stand.
And view by faith that happy land ;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

10 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who're gone before ;
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

HYMN 188. C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY souls! how fast you go,
And leave me far behind!
Don't stay for me, for now I see
The Lord is good and kind.
- 2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I'll come after you:
Though I'm behind, I feel inclined
To sing hosanna too.
- 3 God give you strength your race to run,
And keep your footsteps right;
Though fast you go, and I so slow,
You are not out of sight.
- 4 When you get to that world above,
And all God's glory see:
On that bright shore your journey's o'er,
Then look you out for me.
- 5 I'm coming on fast as I can,
Nor toil, nor danger fear;
God give me strength, may I at length
Be one among you there.
- 6 Then altogether we shall meet,
Together we will sing;
Together we will praise our God
And everlasting King.

HYMN 189. L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a heaven above the skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies;
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
Yet often fear, 'tis not for me.

CHORUS.

*But Jesus, Jesus, is my friend. oh hallelujah.
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.*

- 2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate;

Ten thousand dangers are therein ;
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes ;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

4 Through glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
Dimly the heavenly way appears ;
But in this way methinks I see
The track of Him who died for me

5 I trace the footsteps of my God,
Who on the cross sustain'd my load :
'Twas on that dark and doleful day,
In streaming blood he pass'd this way.

6 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still ;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

7 Then, oh my soul, arise and sing ;
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King !
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, " Press on, and take the crown.

8 " Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

9 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 190. P. M.

1 COME, all ye weary trav'lers,
Come let us join and sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ, our King ;

We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, it is true ;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through

2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin ;
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them
By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness ;
Where we might soon have fainted
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Give life, and joy, and peace ;
Revive our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase.
Confess your Lord and Master,
And run at his command ;
And hasten on your journey
Unto the promised land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
We now are going on
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone ;
In peace and consolation
We're going to rejoice,
And Jesus and his people
For ever be our choice.

6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
While we do march along ?

Has conscience never told you
That you are going wrong?
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse?
Oh leave your ways of sinning,
And come along with us.

7 But if you will refuse it,
We bid you all farewell;
We're on the way to Canaan,
And you the way to hell:
We're sorry thus to leave you,
We'd rather you would go;
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
And feel salvation flow.

8 Oh sinners! be awaken'd
To see your dismal state;
Repent and be converted,
Before it be too late:
Turn to the Lord by praying,
And daily search his word;
And never rest contented
Until you find the Lord.

9 Now to the King immortal
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service
We mean to spend our days,
Till we arrive at Canaan.
The shining world above,
With everlasting praises
To sing redeeming love.

HYMN 191. C. M.

1 **H**ARK! listen to the trumpets!
They sound for volunteers!
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers—
Their horses white, their garments bright,
With crown and bow they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march for Canaan's land.

- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame ;
 A soldier I will be ;
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,
 And fight for liberty.
 They want no cowards in their band,
 (They will their colours fly,)
 But call for valiant-hearted men,
 Who're not afraid to die.
- 3 The armies now are in parade,
 How martial they appear !
 All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
 They look like men of war ;
 They follow their great General,
 The great Eternal Lamb
 His garment's stain'd with his own blood,
 King Jesus is his name.
- 4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
 And drive the hosts of hell ;
 How dreadful is our God in arms !
 The great Immanuel !—
 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ
 Th' eternal Son of God,
 And march with us to Canaan's land,
 Beyond the swelling flood.
- 5 There is a green and flow'ry field,
 Where fruits immortal grow ;
 There, cloth'd in white, the angels bright,
 Our great Redeemer know.
 We'll shout and sing for evermore
 In that eternal world :
 But Satan and his armies too,
 Shall down to hell be hurl'd.
- 6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
 Redemption's drawing nigh,
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
 'Twill shake both earth and sky :

In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
And leave the world on fire,
And meet around the starry throne,
'To tune th' immortal lyre.

HYMN 192. P. M.

- 1 **O**H! that I had some humble place,
Where I might hide from sorrow;
Where I might see my Saviour's face,
And there be freed from terrour.
Oh! had I wings like Noah's dove,
I'd leave this world and Satan;
And fly away to realms above,
Where Jesus stands inviting.
- 2 My heart is often made to mourn,
Because I'm faint and feeble;
And when my Saviour seems to frown
My soul is fill'd with trouble.
But when he doth again return,
And I repent my folly;
'Tis then I after glory run,
And still my Jesus follow.
- 3 I have my bitter and my sweet,
While through this world I travel;
Sometimes I shout, and often weep;
Which makes my foes to marvel.
But let them think, and think again,
I feel I'm bound for heaven;
I hope I shall with Jesus reign,
I therefore still will praise him.
- 4 I want to live a Christian here,
I want to die while shouting;
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body's parting.
I want to see bright angels stand,
And waiting to receive me;
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ is gone before me.

HYMN 193. P. M.

1 **T**HROUGH tribulations deep

The way to glory is ;

This stormy course I keep

On these tempestuous seas :

By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven,
Freighted with grace, and bound to heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow

A dreadful hurricane ;

And high the waters flow

And o'er my sides break in :

But still my little ship outbraves

The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 When I in my distress

My anchor hope, can cast

Within the promises,

It holds my vessel fast :

Safely she then at anchor rides,

'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,

And heaven no breezes give,

The oar of prayer I use,

I tug, and toil, and strive :

Through storms and calms for many a day

I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze

Springs up and fills my sail,

My vessel goes with ease

Before the pleasant gale ;

And runs as much an hour, or more,

As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight

The sun doth not appear ;

Nor can I in the night

Behold the moon or star ;

Sometimes for days and weeks, or more,

I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As at the time of noon,
My quadrant faith, I take,
To view my Christ, my sun,
If he the clouds should break :
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

8 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show :
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
These rocks I pass with care ;
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair :
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,
The plummet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove :
My conscience is the line which I,
Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost
In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost
Himself vouchsafes to steer :
And I through all my voyage will
Depend upon my steersman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which fatal proves to most—
For all this passage go :
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at the helm.

13 When through the gulf I get,
 (Though rough, it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet,
 And bring me into port :
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for ever more.

HYMN 194. P. M.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds in Jewry were guarding
 their sheep,
 Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep,
 An angel from heaven presented to view,
 And thus he accosted the trembling few :—
 “Dispel all your sorrows and banish your fears,
 For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.
- 2 “Though Adam the first in rebellion was found,
 Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground ;
 Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve,
 The loss yet sustain’d by the devil and Eve ;
 Then shepherds be tranquil ; this instant arise,
 Go visit your Saviour, and see where he lies.
- 3 “A token I leave you, whereby you may find
 This wonderful stranger, this friend to mankind ;
 A manger his cradle, the stall his abode,
 The oxen are near him, beholding your God :
 Then shepherds be humble, be meek and lie low.
 For Jesus your Saviour’s abundantly so.”
- 4 This wonderful story no sooner was heard,
 Then thousand of angels from glory appear’d ;
 They join’d in a concert, and this was their theme,
 “All glory to God, and good will towards men :
 Then shepherds strike in, join your voice to the
 choir,
 And catch a few sparks of the celestial fire.”
- 5 “Hosanna,” the angels in ecstacy cried ;
 “Hosanna,” the wondering shepherds replied,
 “Salvation, redemption, all centred in one :
 All glory to God for the birth of his Son :

Then shepherds adieu, we commend you to God
Go visit the Son in his humble abode "

6 To Bethlehem city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard ;
They entered the stable with aspect most mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and child :
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear from their
God.

7 Ye preachers be faithful, your duty discharge,
Be fervent and zealous, your promise is large ;
Fear not to declare the whole counsel of God ;
Like comets you'll blaze while you travel the road ;
Go make proclamation, declare it abroad,
Tell the gentle and simple to come to the Lord.

HYMN 195. P. M.

1 **T**HE sacred ties of friendship
Unite all loving Christians ;
In glory, in glory they shall live.
No time or place shall change them,
And death shall ne'er dissolve them,
United, united are they that believe !
When Gabriel's trump is sounding,
And conquer'd death's resigning,
The scatter'd dust uniting,
The soul and body joining,
All join the grand procession.
And glory realizing,
Then happy, happy we shall be.

2 The bliss exquisite flowing,
The friends of Jesus shouting,
(Such raptures, raptures flow from his word !)
The angels join in concert,
While Jesus stands inviting ;
Come on, come on, ye blessed of the Lord ;
Behold the crowns of glory,
And saints and angels meeting,

And living streams of purest joy
 For ever are increasing ;
 In azure fields for ever range,
 And view a smiling Jesus,
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

3 The sinner's now lamenting ;
 He sees the grand procession
 Now marching, marching to the dazzling throne.
 His frightened soul alarmed,
 He cries with looks amazed,
 Farewell, farewell, I am for ever gone !
 Behold a godly father,
 And there a godly mother,
 Who once did pray together :
 They drink the streams of pleasure,
 But I am lost for ever
 On waves of endless sorrow.
 Then torment, torment is for ever mine.

HYMN 196. C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mix'd in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun ;
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
 And glow'd with sacred fire ;
 He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
 And fill'd the enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

*A Saviour let Creation sing :
 A Saviour let all heaven ring :
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fullness in our souls he pours ;
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining those who're gone before ;
 We soon shall meet to part no more.*

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;

We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,

With Christ to live and die :

Let devils rage, and hell assail,

We'll cut our passage through :

Let foes unite, and friends desert,

We'll seize the crown, our due.

3 The little cloud increases still,

The heavens are big with rain ;

We haste to catch the teeming shower,

And all its moisture drain :

A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,

But pour the mighty flood ;

Oh sweep the nations, shake the earth,

Till all proclaim thee God.

4 When thou shalt make thy jewels up,

And set thy starry crown ;

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,

By thee proclaim'd thine own ;

May we, a little band of love,

Be sinners saved by grace ;

From glory into glory changed,

Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 197. C. M.

1 UNITED in affection dear,

With hearts on Jesus set ;

We trust our God will meet us here,

Who in his name are met :

Our minds from earthly cares set free,

And fix'd on joys above ;

Each hope, each wish, each prayer, shall be,

To share a Saviour's love.

2 Oh could we, Lord, make others know

The pleasures which we feel ;

What comforts from thy goodness flow,

A sinner's wounds to heal ;

Soon would the heedless, vain, and gay,

Thy goodness strive to prove ;

Forsake their sins, and seek the way
To find a Saviour's love.

3 If to reform their wicked ways
All gentle means should fail,
The terrors which thy power displays,
Against them may prevail :
Proud sinners, humbled by thy wrath,
Shall trembling kiss the rod ;
Oh sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

HYMN 198. P. M.

1 **W**ITH pleasure behold
The city of gold,
How beautiful, lovely, and bright ;
Coming down from above,
In its beauty and love,
Adorn'd with glory and light ;
Prepar'd as a bride,
For Immanuel's side ;
Let angels rejoice at the sight
Jerusalem new
Its glory doth show
The wisdom of God and his might.
2 Its walls great and high,
Behold it with joy,
Think of it, ye saints, with delight ;
Behold its foundation
With great admiration,
With precious stones garnished oright.
It lieth four square,
A golden reed there,
With angels to measure it right ;
Consider with pleasure,
Its equal in measure,
Its length, breadth, and height, are alike.
3 Twelve angels there wait,
At twelve holy gates,

The righteous rejoice when they enter ;
For they will behold
A city of gold,
The tree of life placed in the centre :
There proceeds from the throne
Of the King whom they own,
A river of water of life ;
As crystal it's clear,
As wine it doth cheer
The heart of the bride, the Lamb's wife.
4 There those who do well,
With Jesus shall dwell,
For ever and ever in peace ;
They need not the moon,
Nor the bright shining sun,
In so glorious and holy a place.
God's glory will shine,
And give light divine,
Therefore it never will be night :
What raptures are there !
All heaven will share,
It's perfectly filled with light.
5 The saints shall there reign
With the Lamb that was slain,
The face of their King they will see ;
There standing before him,
To love and adore him,
His name in their foreheads will be.
Great joy will be there,
The righteous will share,
While angels their voices are raising ;
How pleasant the singing,
Melodiously ringing,
While saints are in harmony praising.
6 How pleasant their singing,
Melodiously ringing,
All praising with cheerfulest voices ;
What melodious sounds
Are echoing round,
While all in that city rejoices

How rich and how great,
 How good and complete,
 That city which God will prepare ;
 How pure and how holy,
 And full of bright glory,
 How beautiful, lovely, and fair.

HYMN 199. L. M.

1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
 When shall our eyes behold our God?
 What lengths of distance lie between!
 And hills of guilt! a heavy load.

2 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
 Let the eternal pillars bow;
 Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
 And make the crystal fountains flow.

3 Hark! how thy saints unite their cries,
 And pray and wait the gen'ral doom;
 Come thou! the soul of all our joys;
 'Thou, the desire of nations, come!

4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
 Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee;
 And every limb and every joint
 Stretches for immortality.

5 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
 The blazing earth and melting hills;
 And smile to see the lightnings play,
 And flash along before thy wheels.

6 Hark! what a shout of violent joys
 Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound!
 The angel herald shakes the skies,
 Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

7 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host
 Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
 Let every sacred, sleeping dust,
 Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

8 Jesus, the God of might and love,
 New moulds our limbs of cumbrous clay,
 Quick as seraphick flames we move,
 To reign with him in endless day.

HYMN 200. C. M.

- 1 **A**T Jacob's well a stranger sought
 His drooping frame to cheer ;
 Samaria's daughter little thought
 That Jacob's God was near.
- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind
 For richer draughts had sigh'd ;
 Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
 Those richer draughts denied.
- 3 The man, who came on earth to die,
 How few appear to know !
 The friend of sinners, passing by,
 Is still esteem'd a foe.
- 4 The sinner must the stranger know,
 Or soon his loss deplore ;
 Behold ! the living waters flow ;
 Come—drink, and thirst no more.

HYMN 201. P. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Redeemer, friend of sinners,
 Thou hast wondrous power to save,
 Grant me grace, and still protect me,
 Over life's tempestuous wave :
 May my soul with sacred transport,
 View the dawn while yet afar ;
 And until the sun arises,
 Lead me by the morning star.
- 2 Oh what madness ! Oh what folly !
 That my heart should go astray
 After vain and foolish trifles—
 Trifles only of a day :

This vain world, with all its pleasures,
 Very soon will be no more :
 There's no object worth admiring,
 But the God whom we adore.

3 See the happy spirit waiting
 On the banks beyond the stream :
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
 Hark ! they whisper ; lo ! they call me,
 Sister spirit come away :
 Lo ! I come ; earth can't contain me,—
 Hail the realms of endless day.

4 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours,
 Seraphs lend your glitt'ring wings ;
 Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
 Heavenly sounds around me ring.
 Worlds of light and crowns of glory
 Far above yon azure sky :
 Though by faith I now behold you,
 I'll enjoy you soon on high.

HYMN 202. P. M.

1 **P**REST my soul with future prospect,
 Sing creation's dismal end ;
 Long foretold by sacred prophets,
 Holy muse thy succour lend :
 Say what horror, what confusion,
 Will each sinful heart disunay ;
 What distresses, torture, anguish,
 Reigns in that tremendous day.

2 Rumbling thunder, forked lightning,
 Ghastly glaring thwart the gloom ;
 Nature trembling to her centre,
 Groans prophetick of her doom :
 Clifty rocks, and lofty mountains,
 O'er their trembling bases rock :
 While earth yawns in frightful chasms,
 With each strong repeated shock.

3 Seas with horrid palpitations,
Ravage round their frighted shores ;
Blust'ring winds with frantick fury,
Through each ruined fabrick roars :
The sun's bright orb is veil'd in sackcloth,
Stript of all his sparkling beams ;
The moon has dropt her silver radiance,
And dissolves in purple streams.

4 Stars of late divinely brilliant,
Studding night's cimmerian robe ;
Hurl'd in darkness from their orbits,
Each a dark and ruin'd globe :
Hark ! the martial trumpet sounding,
Rends in twain the crystal sky ;
Vengeance blazing, lights the concave
Of profound eternity.

5 See the sov'reign ether furling,
Nobler scenes salute my eyes ;
Heaven in solemn pomp descending,
Crimson banners dress the skies ;
On the arched striped rainbow,
Sits enthroned the eternal God ;
Myriads of celestial warriors,
Round him wait his awful nod.

6 Go, he cries, ye winged heralds,
Bring my saints from every wind ;
Those from death my blood has ransom'd
Those in life's fair volume penn'd :
Straight a holy troop obsequious,
Swift as lightning skims along .
And from every grave collecting,
Jesus's dear redeemed throng.

7 Rous'd from tombs poor sinners hasten,
At the last loud trumpet's sound ;
Round they gaze with wild amazement,
Wond'ring at the scene profound :
Fill'd with horror, dread, and anguish,
Rocks and mountains they implore,

To fall and crush them out of being,
Wishing now to be no more.

8 Hark ! the herald calls to judgment,
Justice draws the glitt'ring sword ;
Lightning glances from his aspect,
Thunder clothes his awful word :
Go, ye cursed, fill'd with vengeance,
Not for peace my name invoke ;
You who once refused my mercy,
And my fury dared provoke.

9 Go to pits of burning sulphur,
Ever banish'd from my rest ;
Where the soul's eternal 'larum,
Ceaseless beats your pulsive breast :
Each guilty soul then struck with horror,
And anguish throbbing in their breast ;
For ever doom'd to endless sorrow,
Never more to hope for rest.

HYMN 203. P. M.

1 **T**HE final trump we soon shall hear,
The great white throne shall then appear,
Ten thousand angels round :
Jehovah turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the solid ground.

2 Arise, ye nations, and come forth,
From east and west, and south and north ;
Behold, the Judge is come !
What horror strikes the guilty breast,
Compell'd to stand the solemn test,
And hear their final doom.

3 "Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
With howling fiends for ever dwell,
No more to see my face :
My gospel calls you have withstood,
And trampled on my precious blood,
And laugh'd at offer'd grace."

4 See parents and their children part—
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
Never to meet again.

In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
On Canaan's dazzling plain.

5 My soul is struggling to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
To trace the heavenly road.

Adieu, adieu, all earthly things—
Oh that I had an angel's wings!
I'd quickly see my God.

HYMN 204. P. M.

1 **M**Y soul is full of glory, inspiring my tongue ;
Could I meet with angels, I would sing
them a song :

I would sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending to hear what I
sing ;

Well pleased to hear mortals praising their king ;
O angels ! O angels ! my soul's in a flame,
I faint in sweet raptures at Jesus name.

3 O Jesus ! O Jesus ! thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart
whole :

O bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet king
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

4 O heaven ! sweet heaven ! I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren, and Jesus my dear :
Come angels ! come angels ! I'm ready to fly,
Come quickly convey me to God in the sky.

5 Sweet Spirit attend me till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me till I am call'd home :
Though worms my poor body may claim as their
prey,

'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noonday.

6 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd to blood :

The mountains all melt at the presence of God ;
Red lightnings may flash, loud thunders may roar,
All this cannot daunt me on Canaan's blest shore.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come ;

Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going home ;
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear,

Away to my Saviour my spirit will bear.

8 I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see ?

'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me !

I'm going, I'm going, I'm going, I'm gone,

O glory ! O glory ! 'tis done ! it is done !

HYMN 205. P. M.

1 **D**AY of Judgment, day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound !

Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !

How the summons

Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine !

You who long for his appearing,

Then shall say, " This God is mine."

Gracious Saviour !

Own me on that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,

Rise to life from earth and sea

All the powers of nature shaken,

By his looks prepare to flee :

Careless sinner,

What will then become of thee ?

4 Horrors past imagination

Will surprise your trembling heart,

When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!

Thou with Satan
 And his angels have thy part!"

5 But to those who have confessed,
 Sav'd and serv'd your Lord below,

He will say, "Come in ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow:

You for ever
 Shall my love in glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches
 Let this thought our courage raise;

Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be turn'd to praise:

May we triumph
 When this world is in a blaze.

HYMN 206. P. M.

1 **S**EE th' eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Father's throne;
 Now, poor sinner! Christ shall show thee
 He is the eternal Son:

Trumpets call thee,
 Come to hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting
 At the thoughts of future pain:

Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he cries and weeps in vain;

Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder stands the glorious Saviour
 With the marks of dying love;

Oh that I had sought his favour,
 When I felt his Spirit move!

Doomed justly,
 For I have against him strove.

4 "All his warnings I have slighted
 While he daily sought my soul:

- If some vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke the whole :
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll !
- 5 "Yonder stand my godly neighbours,
 Who were once despised by me ;
 They are clad in dazzling splendour,
 Waiting my sad fate to see—
 Farewell neighbours,
 Disinal gulf ! I'm bound for thee !
- 6 "Hail, ye ghosts that dwell in darkness
 Groaning, rattling of your chains ;
 Christ has now denounc'd our sentence,
 We must dwell in endless pains—
 Down I'm rolling,
 Never to return again.
- 7 "Now experience plainly shows me
 Hell is not a fabled thing ;
 Lo, I see my friends in glory,
 Round the throne they ever sing :
 I'm tormented
 By an everlasting sting."

HYMN 207. P. M.

- 1 **Y**ONDER see the Lord descending !
 (Hark ! his chariot's drawing nigh ;)
 The starry vault before him rending,
 Flaming troops ascend the sky.
 Heaven's shaking, earth now quaking,
 Mountains fly before his face !
 The dead their dusty beds forsaking ;
 Nature sinking in a blaze !
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hark ! the herald angels sing !
 Hail him, Christians ! hail him, Christians !
 Yonder is your glorious King.
- 2 Now behold the shining conq'rors,
 Shouting from their dusty beds .

- Fly to meet their blessed Saviour,
 Glitt'ring crowns upon their heads!
 Hear them tell their pleasant story
 To the smiling, lovely Lamb!
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory is the song they sing.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hark! the Christian armies sing!
 Join us, angels, join us, angels;
 Help us praise our conqu'ring King.
- 3 Once an infant in a manger,
 There the Lord of glory lay;
 No place to lay the little stranger,
 But among the oxen's hay!
 Now he's crowned with a rainbow,
 Brighter than a sardine stone:
 He comes! he comes! the Christian's hero
 Seated on his great white throne.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Hark! the holy armies sing!
 Join us, seraphs, join us seraphs,
 Help us praise our conqu'ring King.
- 4 Jesus saved us from temptation,
 Sin and satan, death and hell;
 And has bought our great salvation—
 Glory to Immanuel!
 Once a bleeding on the mountain,
 There his precious blood did run;
 Now he's brought us to the fountain,
 Springing from his Father's throne.
 Give him glory, give him glory,
 Let all heav'n begin to sing;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Through eternal ages ring.

HYMN 208. P. M.

- 1 CHRISTIAN soldiers, shout while prais-
 ing
 Of Jehovah's conquering Son:

High the voice of triumph raising,
For the work that he hath done.

Hallelujah,
Glory be to God alone.

2 Now let pow'r divinely glorious,
Every praying soul unite :

Through the name of God victorious,
Put the alien hosts to flight.

Drive old Satan

To the shades of endless night.

3 In the wilderness assembled,
We have often felt thy pow'r,
Saints rejoiced, and sinners trembled
In the solemn midnight hour.

Save poor sinners,

That they may our God adore.

4 Now thy servants, Lord, inspire
To explain the gospel grace,

Fill them with celestial fire,
Let it through th' assembly blaze.

Lord, I feel it,

Let the world thy will embrace.

5 Send conviction's keenest arrows,
Let the worst of sinners feel

Deep repentance—godly sorrows
To their careless souls reveal.

Let thy merit

Pardon on their conscience seal.

6 Pity mourners' deep lamenting,
While they're fill'd with sacred grief,

With a broken heart repenting,
Break the bars of unbelief ;

Though of sinners

Now they feel t' have been the chief

7 Jesus now your cause is pleading,
Shows his hands and wounded side :

Sinners ! through my interceding,
You are freely justified.

To procure it,

I your Saviour groan'd and died.

HYMN 209. P. M.

- 1 **L**O! we see the sign appearing,
 Jesus comes the Judge severe,
 Hell is trembling, earth is quaking—
 Sinners shriek with awful fear!
 Come to judgment!
 Stand your awful doom to hear.
- 2 See the world in flames now burning,
 Hills and mountains fly away;
 The moon in blood—the stars are falling:
 Comets blazing through the sky,
 Thunders rolling!
 Sinners now for succour cry.
- 3 From the general conflagration
 Mount the righteous up on high!
 Gain the hope of their salvation,
 Live with God no more to die.
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the Lamb they cry.
- 4 Stop, my soul, look back and wonder,
 See the wicked left behind—
 Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,
 For a moment's ease to find.
 Doom'd to sorrow!
 In the lake of hell confin'd.

HYMN 210. P. M.

- 1 **O**NE night, as I lay musing,
 The Spirit said to me,
 "Go blow the gospel trumpet,
 Go sound the jubilee;
 Go tell them I am risen,
 And death they need not fear;
 I've turn'd the awful summons
 To a sweet messenger.
- 2 "The harvest fields are ripening,
 The labourers are few;

When Zion she doth languish,
 Oh watchmen ! where are you ?
 Their blood will cry against you,
 If idle you should be :
 You see the sword is coming,
 Then sound the jubilee.

3 "Come, oh my Father's children :
 Redeem'd for liberty !
 Why stand you here so idle,
 And wasting all the day ?
 Remember some are teaching,
 While others preach the word ;
 Go labour in the vineyard,
 I'll give a sure reward."

4 Come brethren all, and sisters,
 Though but a little band,
 The vict'ry I'll ensure you,
 Stand fast with sword in hand ;
 Then wield the sword with pleasure,
 The battle goes aright :
 Thus Israel gain'd the vict'ry
 Against the Amalekite.

5 Come, all ye sons of vanity,
 Who are expos'd to death,
 Who've listed under Pharaoh,
 Th' Egyptian king beneath ;
 Although you serve with rigour,
 He will not set you free,
 Then hearken to the gospel,
 The sound of jubilee.

6 Come ye who're bound for Canaan,
 And give me your right hand,
 Who've turn'd your backs on Egypt,
 And join'd our little band ;
 pray you hold out faithful,
 Your crown it will be sure :
 You'll reign with Christ your Saviour,
 In bliss for evermore.

7 How beauteous are the garments,
 The bride of Christ doth wear !
 He adorns her with his presence,
 And clothes her with his care :
 He decks her with rich jewels,
 And crowns her with his love ;
 And by his mighty power,
 He'll bear her safe above.

HYMN 211. P. M.

1 **W**HY shrinks my weak nature ? ah ! what
 can it mean ?
 Why flutters my heart, which till now was serene ?
 Why ling'ring and trembling, while glory's so
 near ?
 Or whence the enchantment that fetters me here ?
 2 Thou world of illusion, for ever adieu !
 Your phantoms unhallow'd recede from my view ,
 New worlds and new wonders my passions invite,
 And glories ineffable dawn in my sight.
 3 Hail, visions celestial, and thou divine Source
 Of life, hope, and glory ; if e'er in my course
 Thy grace hath renew'd and made perfect my
 heart,
 Now let me in peace and in triumph depart.
 4 'Tis done ! lo, they come ! bright celestials
 descend ;
 Saints, angels, and seraphs, their symphonies
 lend :
 The spheres are all vocal, the raptures draw near,
 Impartial vibrations resound in my ear.
 5 Cease ! cease then, fond nature ; oh ! cease
 then thy strife,
 And let me now languish and die into life :
 Blest powers receive me ; I mount on your wing ;
 Oh grave, where's thy vict'ry ? oh death, where's
 thy sting ?

HYMN 212. P. M.

- O**H Jesus, the donor of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thine honour we wish to employ,
With praises unceasing we'll sing of thy name ;
Thy goodness increasing, thy love we'll proclaim.
- 2 With joy we remember the dawn of that day,
When, cold as December, in darkness we lay ;
The sweet invitation we heard with surprise,
And witness'd salvation to flow from the skies.
- 3 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the name of our Captain and King :
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove ;
His name is salvation, his nature is love.
- 4 We now are enlisted in Jesus's cause,
Divinely assisted to conquer our foes :
His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er,
He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.
- 5 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions, and shout through
the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus's grace,
And give him the glory, the honour, and praise.
- 6 In this blest employment our spirits shall rest
In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus's breast ;
To drink of the streams of Immanuel's love,
And bask in the beams of his glory above.

HYMN 213. P. M.

- B**EFORE Elisha's gate
The Syrian leper stood ;
But could not brook to wait,
He deem'd himself too good :
He thought the prophet would attend,
And not to him a message send.

- 2 "Have I this journey come,
And will he not be seen?
I were as well at home,
Would washing make me clean:
Why must I wash in Jordan's flood?
Damascus's rivers are as good."
- 3 Thus by his foolish pride
He almost miss'd a cure;
But yet at length he tried,
And found the method sure:
Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
His leprosy was quickly heal'd.
- 4 Leprous and proud as he,
To Jesus thus I came,
From sin to set me free,
When first I heard his fame:
Surely, thought I, my pompous train
Of vows and tears will notice gain.
- 5 My heart devis'd the way
Which I supposed he'd take:
And when I found delay,
Was ready to go back:
Had he some painful task enjoin'd,
I to performance seem'd inclined.
- 6 When by his word he spake,
"That fountain open'd see;
'Twas open'd for thy sake;
Go wash, and thou art free:"
Oh! how did my proud heart gainsay,
I fear'd to trust this simple way.
- 7 At length I trial made,
When I had much endured;
The message I obey'd;
I wash'd, and I was cured:
Sinners, this healing fountain try,
Which cleans'd a wretch so vile as I.

HYMN 214. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE trumpet of God, is sounding abroad
 The language of mercy, salvation through
 blood;
 Thrice happy are they, who hear and obey,
 And share in the blessings of this gospel day.
- 2 Their anguish and smart, and sorrow depart,
 Who find this salvation inscribed on their heart;
 True pleasure abound in the rapturous sound,
 And they that have found it have paradise found.
- 3 Our Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below;
 This blessing be mine through favour divine;
 But oh, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

HYMN 215. L. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home or stay with you;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world can view.
*Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends, farewell.*
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals, care or bliss;
 I leave you here, and travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound in cords of love;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggled long and hard for heaven—
 You've counted all things here but dross;
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
- 5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet await for you:

Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

*Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.*

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here;
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
Oh turn and find salvation near.

*On turn, oh turn, oh turn,
And find salvation near.*

HYMN 216. P. M.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Call'd the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with thee in endless day.

HYMN 217. P. M.

1 **J**ESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above,
May we all return home praying,
And rejoicing in thy love:

Farewell, brethren ; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin :
Farewell, brethren ; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us
To each one's respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one :
Farewell, brethren ; farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

HYMN 218. P. M.

1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, lov'd of
the Lord,
The footsteps of Jesus you'll find in his word :
Then follow your Saviour wherever he goes ;
Stand fast and unshaken whatever oppose.

2 On parting, dear brethren, I give you my hand,
In token of friendship, that uniting band :
Although for a while these vile bodies must part,
Cemented in love, we are still join'd in heart.

3 The time is approaching when Christ shall
appear
In glory, and then all his saints shall meet there :
No fear then of parting, no grief, no complaint,
Shall ever be heard from the tongue of a saint.

4 But praise and thanksgiving shall be their
employ ;
Their souls always feasting, yet never shall cloy :
New scenes still unfolding, new joys shall afford ;
All glory, and honour, and praise to the Lord.

HYMN 219. P. M.

1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds the jubilee ;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud
From land to land, from sea to sea :
And as I preach from place to place
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell ! in bonds and union dear,
Like cords you twine about my heart ,
I humbly beg your fervent prayer,
Till we do meet no more to part :
Till we do meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
Though all so kind, so dear to me ;
My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee :
To sound the joys, and bear the news,
To Gentile nations and the Jews.

4 Farewell, young people, one and all,
While God shall grant me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the Eternal All,
That your dear souls in Christ may live
That your dear souls prepar'd may be
To reign in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all below the sun ;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight, my feet shall run,
And God shall keep me as I go :
My God shall keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell ! I look above—
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call ;
My joy, my hope, my only love,
My safeguard hence, my heavenly all :
My theme to preach, my song to sing ;
My hope in death, my heavenly King.

HYMN 220. P. M.

1 **H**ERALDS of the King of kings,
Preach the peace the gospel brings;
Loud extol th' incarnate God,
Preach the virtue of his blood.

2 Celebrate with every breath
Jesus's meritorious death :
Speak of Jesus's saving name,
Which for ever is the same.

3 And may we in chorus join,
Blessing, praising love divine ;
Never be ashamed to tell
Christ hath saved our souls from hell.

HYMN 221. L. M.

1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart beloved,
Whose welfare fills my daily care,
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness ;
Adorn the gospel with your lives,
And practise what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure mediate the hour
When he descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his own glorious image rise.

4 Glory in his dear honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave :
You all he purchased with his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

5 Such is your Pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you :
Oh may he, at the Lord's right hand,
Himself, and all his people view.

HYMN 222. P. M.

1 **I**M on my way to Canaan,
I bid this world farewell :
Come on, my old companions,
In spite of earth or hell.
Lo ! Satan's army rages,
And all his hosts combine !
Yet Scripture doth engage us,
The strength of grace divine.

2 I'll blow the silver trumpet,
And on the nations call ;
For Christ hath me commission'd
To say he died for all.
Come try his grace, and prove him,
You shall the gift obtain ;
He will not send you empty,
Nor let you come in vain.

3 And if you want a witness,
Here are some just at hand,
Have lately felt the sweetness
Now flowing from that land :
It comes in copious showers,
Our bodies can't contain ;
It fills our ransom'd powers—
And now we drink again !

4 The glories of that kingdom
My soul cannot describe ;
I feel it is within me,
I feel the blood applied.
Oh come unto the Saviour's arms,
And you shall feel his love,
'Tis sweeter than all other charms,
It comes from heaven above.

5 The glories of that heavenly place
I've oftimes felt before,
But what I've felt is but a taste,
Which makes me look for more.

- Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd fly and be at rest;
 Then would I soar to worlds above,
 And be for ever blest.
- 6 My soul looks up, and sees him smile,
 And then the blessing send,
 And I am thinking all the while,
 When will this journey end?
 I contemplate it can't be long,
 Till he will come again,
 Then I shall join that heavenly throng,
 And in his kingdom reign.
- 7 Oh could I join that heavenly throng,
 And ne'er return again!
 I would not think the season long
 That I had suffer'd pain:
 When Zion's sons are marching home
 Along the heavenly street,
 Then I would march along with them,
 And bow before his feet.
- 8 The tallest of those heavenly ones
 Would fail for to describe
 The brightness which the Saviour puts
 Upon his lovely bride.
 Ten thousand years around me roll,
 We have but just begun
 To wear our robes and glitt'ring crowns,
 Bright shining as the sun.

HYMN 223. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
 O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far,
 From every sin and hurtful snare;
 Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way :
Plant holy fears in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd :
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 224. P. M.

1 **T**HOU sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver
stream,
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale
beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently
stray
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

CHORUS.

*Come saints adore him, come bow at his feet,
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet,
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.*

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his
head,
How hard was his pillow—how humble his bed—
The angels astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.

3 Oh garden of Olivet, dear honour'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot :
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow the triumph of love.

HYMN 225. P. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot—wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guard me with his eye:
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
And ev'ry boisterous storm outide.
- 4 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss:
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus's breast;
Oh may I gain the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace:
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place;
There in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 226. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E saints, attend the Saviour's voice,
Spoke in his word of grace ;
He says, and in it oh rejoice !
"In me ye shall have peace."
- 2 Though storms and tempests round you roar,
And foes and fears increase :
He says, and what could he say more ?
"In me ye shall have peace."
- 3 What though afflictions still abound,
And troubles still increase ;
He says, and oh how sweet the sound,
"In me ye shall have peace."
- 4 What tho' your hearts with sorrow bleed,
And sighs and tears increase ;
He says, and oh 'tis true indeed,
"In me ye shall have peace."
- 5 Tho' you shall pass through death's cold flood,
To gain your wish'd release ;
He says, and sure he'll make it good,
"In me ye shall have peace."
- 6 When you his face in glory view,
Where joy can ne'er decrease ;
Eternity shall prove it true,
"In me ye shall have peace."

HYMN 227. C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy let each afflicted saint,
This cheering truth behold ;
That when he's tried, he shall not faint,
But shall come forth as gold.
- 2 This privilege, oh Lord ! I claim,
Nor am I here too bold,
That from the trying, fiery flame,
I may come forth as gold.
- 3 What though the furnace burns on high,
Still to this truth I'll hold,

- 'Tis but design'd my soul to try,
I shall come forth as gold.
- 4 Herein his wisdom and his love,
Will God to me unfold;
And from the furnace I shall prove
He'll bring me forth as gold.
- 5 He'll kindly thus consume my dross,
So in his word I'm told;
Nor can I suffer real loss,
But shall come forth as gold.
- 6 Thus he'll conform me to his word,
And cast me in that mould,
And through the goodness of my Lord
I shall come forth as gold.
- 7 Thus will I sing his praises here,
Whose mercies are of old,
And when in glory I appear,
I shall come forth as gold.

HYMN 228. L. M.

- 1 **I**N God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart and cheerful voice :
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
"I, even I, will comfort you."
- 2 Sweet words ! oh let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim ;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
"I, even I, will comfort you."
- 3 Are you in darkness and distress ?
Does Satan roar and break your peace ?
Fear not, but still this truth review,
"I, even I, will comfort you."
- 4 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
And pungent sorrow day by day ?
Look to this word, 'twill bear you through,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

5 If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm your souls with fear ;
Let this sweet word your faith renew,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

6 Thus while you sojourn here below,
As pilgrims in this world of wo ;
Make this your song, your journey through,
"I, even I, will comfort you."

7 And when each happy soul attains
That blissful state where glory reigns,
This song shall all his powers employ,
"God is my comfort and my joy."

HYMN 229. L. M.

1 JESUS! my pattern and my guide,
Oh let me at thy feet abide ;
And on thee cast my every care,
And daily give myself to prayer.

2 While I'm sojourning here below,
Where, blessed Lord! where can I go,
But to thy throne, and worship there,
And daily give myself to prayer?

3 Yes! at thy footstool, Lord, I'll wait,
And tell thee all my mournful state ;
My sins, and wants, and fears, declare,
And daily give myself to prayer.

4 Though Satan rages at my soul,
And thund'ring tempests o'er me roll,
To seek thee, Lord, I can't forbear
But daily give myself to prayer.

5 Still in the strength of sov'reign grace,
I'll wait and seek my Saviour's face ;
Soon I a glorious crown shall share ;
Till then I'll give myself to prayer.

HYMN 230. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O my heart, and let us take
 An evening walk becoming thee,
 Now whither dost thou choose we shall take our
 course,
 Up to Calvary or Gethsemane?
- 2 **Ch!** Calvary is a mountain high,
 'Tis too difficult a task for me,
 To indulge in balmy sleep, would far better suit
 my taste,
 Than Calvary or Gethsemane.
- 3 **O!** it would not appear such a mountain high,
 Nor yet so hard a task for thee,
 If thou didst love the man, who first laid the plan,
 Of climbing the mountain Calvary.
- 4 I had rather abide in the pleasant plain,
 My gay companions there to see,
 And to tarry awhile, in the joys of the world,
 Than to climb up the mountain of Calvary.
- 5 The gay companions ere long will be gone,
 Poor blinded souls could they but see!
 And if ever thou wouldst stand, on Canaan's
 happy land,
 Thou must first climb the mountain Calvary.
- 6 There is no pleasure that I can behold,
 'Tis a sad and dreary path to me,
 And I have heard them say, there are lions in the
 way,
 And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.
- 7 **True!** it is a straight and narrow road,
 And lions lurk there for their prey,
 But thou shalt have a guard, yea, the angels of
 God,
 Shall conduct thee up to Calvary.
- 8 I had rather have peace and live at my ease,
 Than to be afflicted thus by thee,

When blooming youth is gone, and old age comes
on,

I will then go with thee to Calvary.

9 There is no time so good as youth,

To travel this mountain you must see,

For when old age comes on, with a great load of
sin,

How then canst thou climb up Calvary ?

10 Oh conscience ! thou art ever making a noise,

I cannot enjoy any peace for thee,

There is time enough yet, and the journey's not
so great,

I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

11 Oh hark ! I hear a doleful sound,

And thou shouldst greatly alarmed be,

A blooming youth is gone, and is sleeping in the
tomb,

Who refused to climb up Calvary.

12 Alas ! I know not what to do,

For thou hast greatly alarmed me,

In sin I have gone on, till I fear I am undone,

Lord help me to climb up Calvary.

13 O tarry not in all the plain,

Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee,

But look up to the man who was bruised for thy
sin,

And he'll help thee to climb up Calvary.

HYMN 231. L. M.

1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed ?

He will—the very friend you need ;

The man of Nazareth is he,

With garments died, from Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude ! he stands
With melting heart and open hands,
O matchless kindness ! and he shows
That matchless kindness to his foes.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine ;
'Turn out his enemy and thine,
'Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

HYMN 232. L. M.

1 **O**H ! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn ;
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wondrous sight ;
O that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy ! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son ;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wouldst ease me of my guilt ;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus or I die.

6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell ;
Oh ! might I enter, now I'm come :
Lord Jesus save, or I am gone.

HYMN 233. C. M.

1 **P** RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That any lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gate of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, behold he prays.

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the Eternal Throne
For sinners intercedes.

8 Oh thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod.
Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 234. L. M.

1 **O** GOD, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice ;
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
I'll sing and shout for evermore,
On that eternal happy shore.

3 O hope of glory, Jesus, come,
And make my heart thy constant home ;
For the small remnant of my days
I want to sing and shout thy praise.
O give me, Lord, a heart to pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day ;
To give thee thanks in ev'ry thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord give me strength to shout and pray ;
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death.
Then brethren, sisters, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb :
And as you march the solemn road,
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below, and I above,
We'll shout, and praise the God we love,
Until the great tremendous day,
When Gabriel's trump shall wake our clay,
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O death, where is thy sting ?
O grave, where is thy victory ?
We'll shout through all eternity.

5 Our race is run, we've gained the prize,
Then shall the Sov'reign of the skies,
With smiles, unto his children say,
Come, reign with me in endless day

Then on that happy, happy, shore,
We'll shout and sing our suff'rings o'er,
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

HYMN 235. P. M.

1 COME listening angels attend while I sing
The wonders of Jesus my conquering king,
Great things for my soul he surely has done,
All glory to God for the gift of his Son.

2 I wander'd in darkness a stranger to God,
Neglected his calls and despised his word;
In romances and novels I thought I should gain
Some knowledge of pleasure, and honour obtain.

3 At length the gospel trumpet did sound in my
ears,
And hunders from heaven awakened my fears;
The tears of repentance then freely did run,
For slighting the Saviour, alas! I'm undone.

4 One evening while musing these words came
with power,
O do not be troubled nor doubt any more;
Believe in the word, believe also in me,
In my Father's house there's a mansion for thee.

5 'Tis the voice of my Saviour, my soul then did
cry,
On Calvary he suffer'd, and for me did he die,
His five bleeding wounds are now pleading for
me,
He offers me pardon, he bids me be free.

6 My soul is now anchor'd in the fountain of love,
My heart and my treasure in heaven above;
Through grace I'm determin'd I ne'er will give
o'er,
Till safely I'm landed on Canaan's blest shore.

HYMN 236. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME brethren and sisters that love our dear
Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word,
What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see
What a tender kind Saviour has done for poor me.
- 2 I was led by the devil till lost and distress'd,
I thought that in torments I soon should be cast,
No peace to my conscience, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.
- 3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died ;
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied ;
The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witness and voice.
- 4 On my low-bended knees before God I did fall
And glory to Jesus, for he's all in all ;
The heart of his rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.
- 5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace
upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,
Oh, witness kind heaven, on this my birth-day.
- 6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground ;
The time of refreshing at length I have found ;
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy
charms,
Let me die like old Simeon, with Christ in my
arms.

HYMN 237. P. M.

- 1 **O** Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save,
Surrounded with troubles, with terror dismay'd
With toiling and rowing, thy strength is decay'd

Loud roaring, the billows now nigh thee o'er-
whelm,
But skilful the pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power shall de-
fend,
'Till he all victorious, thy warfare shall end.

2 O fearful, O faithless, in mercy he cries,
What though high the surges to affright thee
arise;
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tossings and tempests I'll bring thee to
land,
Forget thee I will not, I care for thy name,
Engraved on my heart, it shall ever remain:
The palms of my hands, when I look on I see,
The wounds I received when I suffer'd for thee.

3 The fearful, the faithless, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad
prayer;
Through great tribulation my people I bring,
And when they reach heaven, the louder they'll
sing.
I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans
For thou art most nigh me, my flesh and my
bones;
In all my afflictions, though great is my pain,
They all are most needful, not one is in vain.

4 The day of eternal salvation draws near,
When Jesus our leader will dry every tear
Our bodies and souls shall in glory partake,
When the trumpet shall sound, and the nations
awake.
Fight on, ye old soldiers, you'll soon be discharged
The war will be ended, your treasure enlarged;
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may
roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan and stand on the shore.

HYMN 238. P. M.

1 **R**EJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King,
 Let all prepare to take him in
 Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
 And all the world with praises ring,
 And give to Jesus glory.

2 I long to see the Christians join
 In union sweet, and peace divine,
 When every church with grace shall shine,
 And grow to Christ, the living vine,
 And give to Jesus glory.

3 Come, parents, children, bond and free,
 Come, will you go to heaven with me,
 That glorious land of rest to see,
 And shout with me eternally,
 And give to Jesus glory.

4 My soul feels happy while I sing :
 I feel that I am on the wing ;
 I'll shout salvation to my king,
 Till I to heaven my trophies bring,
 And there we'll give him glory.

5 A few more days of pain and wo,
 A few more suffering scenes below,
 And then to Jesus we shall go,
 Where everlasting pleasures flow,
 And there we'll give him glory.

6 The awful trumpet soon will sound,
 And shake the vast creation round,
 And call the nations under ground ;
 And all the saints shall then be crown'd,
 And give to Jesus glory.

7 Ten thousand thunders then shall roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
 How dreadful to the guilty soul !
 But nothing shall the saints control,
 They'll give to Jesus glory.

8 Then tears shall all be wiped away ;
Then Christians ne'er shall go astray ;
When we are freed from cumbrous clay
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.

9 There all the saints shall join in one,
And sing with Moses round the throne ;
Their troubles are for ever gone,
They'll shine with God's eternal Son,
And give to Jesus glory

HYMN 239. P. M.

1 **T**HE people called Christians, how many
things they tell,
About the land of Canaan where saints and angels
dwell ;
But sin that dreadful ocean, compasses them
around,
While its tide still divides them from Canaan's
happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient to find their
passage through,
And with united vigour, have tried what they
could do ;
But vessels built by human skill, have never
sail'd afar,
Till they're found, run aground, on some dreadful
sandy bar.

3 The everlasting Gospel, has launch'd the deep
at last ;
Behold her sail suspended around her towering
masts ;
Around her decks, in order, the joyful sailors
stand,
Crying, O ! here we go, to Immanuel's happy
land !

- 4 To those who are spectators, what sorrow must
 ensue,
To have their old companions bid them a long
 adieu ;
The pleasures of a paradise no longer them
 invite :
They may rail while we sail, but we'll soon be out
 of sight.
- 5 We're now on the wide ocean, we bid them all
 farewell,
But where we shall cast anchor, no mortal tongue
 can tell :
About our future happiness there needs be no
 debate,
While we ride on the tide, with our Captain and
 his Mate.
- 6 We're passengers united, with harmony and
 love !
The winds all in our favour, how joyfully we
 move :
Tho' troubles may surround us, and raging billows
 roar,
We will sweep thro' the deep, till we land on
 Canaan's shore.

HYMN 240. C. M.

- 1 SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
 That when my change shall come.
Angels shall hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disembodied soul,
 View Jesus, and adore ;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
 And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
 On which my guilt was lain ;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
 As though but newly slain.

- 4 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound ;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
The Christ that died for me :
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee.
- 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesu's presence know !
- 7 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay ;
Till, from her earthly cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

HYMN 241. L. M.

- 1 **O** MAY I worthy prove to see,
The saints in full prosperity ;
To see the bright, the glittering bride,
Close seated by her Saviour's side.

CHORUS.

*O Canaan, sweet Canaan, it is a happy place,
And I'm bound for the land of Canaan.*

- 2 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly ;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.
- 3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death ;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 4 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come,
Kind angels beckon me away,
To sing his praise in endless day.

5 And when to that bright word I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 There I shall see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode ;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

HYMN 242. P. M.

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.*

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
cease,
Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee :
Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,
All all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day ;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face :
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
 No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
 And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at Home.

HYMN 243. P. M.

1 **T**HE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
 fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
 Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead are
 bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
 The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are
 there,
 And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
 heard:
 Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd monuments
 stirr'd!
 From ocean and earth, from the south pole and
 north,
 Lo, the vast generation of ages come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
 all set,
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
 met;
 All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
 Redeemer, on us, thy sad children with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
 driven,
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

HYMN 244. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel out of Egypt came,
To seek the promised land—
Were guarded by fiery flame,
And Moses gave command—
The tow'ring billows of the deep
Gave them a passage through;
But O! the fate of Pharaoh's troop,
Lost in the waves below.
- 2 O camp of Israel now rejoice,
While in the wilderness;
For Jordan's streams you soon shall cross,
Then Canaan you'll possess.
Let Zion's sons, and Levi's tribe,
And Israel's army move,
With me prepare to offer prayer,
While in the tented grove.
- 3 Leave all the busy cares of life,
All worldly things behind;
That you may gather strength of soul,
And fortify the mind!
For Jesus surely will be there,
To fire our souls with love:
Therefore I find my heart inclined,
To seek the tented grove.
- 4 Come let us all join heart and voice,
In pray'r and praises too;
Let sinners weep and saints rejoice,
There's work for all to do.
By faith we'll claim the promise, Lord,
Thy faithfulness to prove,
Descend, descend, oh sinner's friend!
Into our tented grove.
- 5 Oh how our hearts rejoice to feel
The Holy Ghost descend!
While on our knees, we humbly kneel,
We find the sinner's Friend;

The spreading flame runs through the crowd,
Each heart begins to move :

Tall sinners bow, and cry aloud,
All round the tented grove.

6 The falling tear bespeaks the load,
That lays upon each heart ;
And guilty conscience strikes the soul,
With keen conviction's dart ;

At length by faith in Christ he claims
His Saviour's pard'ning love,
And shouts of praise for God's free grace,
Ring through the tented grove.

7 The persecuting sons of night,
Find nothing more to say ;
They either yield, or quit the field,
And Israel gains the day.
The devil's tottering kingdom shakes,
And its foundations move,
Such prayer we find, by faith combined,
Rise from the tented grove.

8 O, sacred ground ! delightful place !
Where God appears to man !
Like Moses, we behold his face
With but a veil between :
But when we rise to paradise,
To worship God above,
There's happier ground than we have found,
While in the tented grove.

HYMN 245. P. M.

1 **I**N time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries :
With humble supplication,
To Thee my spirit flies,
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain ;
Mine eyes with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
 Bring vanish'd bliss to view;
 The years of lost fruition
 Their joys in pangs renew:
 Remember'd songs of gladness,
 Through night's lone silence brought,
 Strike notes of deeper sadness,
 And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off for ever?
 Can time his truth impair?
 His tender mercy, never
 Shall I presume to share?
 Hath He, his loving kindness
 Shut up in endless wrath?
 No;—this is my own blindness,
 That cannot see his path.

4 I call to recollection
 The years of his right hand:
 And, strong in his protection,
 Again through faith I stand;
 Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder:
 Holy are all thy ways;
 The secret place of thunder
 Shall utter forth thy praise.

5 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
 Oh God, the billows saw;
 They saw Thee, and they trembled,
 Turn'd, and stood still, with awe;
 The clouds shot hail—they lighten'd.
 The earth reel'd to and fro;
 The fiery pillar brighten'd
 The gulf of gloom below.

6 Thy way is in great waters,
 Thy footsteps are not known;
 Let Adam's sons and daughters
 Confide in Thee alone

Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore,
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And thy redeem'd pass o'er.

HYMN 246. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN weeping Mary came to seek
Her loving Lord and Saviour,
'Twas early as the morning broke,
With tears to gain his favour;
The guardian soldiers wait around
The tomb that held the body;
Of him whom she thought under ground
With wicked hands all bloody.
- 2 But how her mournful heart was torn,
To find the grave was empty;
In solemn silence she did mourn,
While onward she did venture:
Two angels in bright raiment shone,
T' anticipate her sorrow;
And say why does this creature moan,
And why this gloomy horror?
- 3 Why weep ye, Mary? they did say
Why are you thus in mourning?
Because they've ta'en my Lord away.
Whom I thought to've seen this morning
I'll sigh and weep, poor Mary said,
Till I know where they've laid him!
Then quickly turning round her head,
Began for to upbraid them.
- 4 As Jesus by her stood unknown,
She thought he was the gard'ner;
In flowing tears she made her moan,
Not knowing it was her pard'ner:
Come tell me where you've laid my Lord
Exclaimed poor weeping Mary;
Some comfort to my mind afford,
So much oppress'd and wearied.

5 O weeping Mary ! said the man ;—
 She then perceived her Saviour ;
 And to his feet she weeping ran,
 Not fearing harm or danger.
 And now like Mary let us go,
 And kiss the feet of Jesus,
 He'll banish all our grief and wo,
 From sorrow he'll relieve us.

HYMN 247. P. M.

1 **W**HEN toss'd on errour's stormy tide,
 From doubt to darkness driven,
 'Twas thine my wandering thoughts to guide,
 And bid the world no more divide,
 My erring heart from heaven.

2 As more to fancy's wildering song,
 That heart's applause was given :
 To charm it from the joyless throng,
 Thy warning seem'd to breathe along,
 The holy lyre of heaven.

3 But though the warning voice was sweet
 As the last sigh of even,
 My soul, within its dark retreat,
 Reluctant shrunk, and fear'd to meet
 A messenger from heaven.

4 Yet soon the chain that bound my soul,
 By mercy's hand was riven ;
 I saw the clouds asunder roll,
 And truth, unerring as the pole,
 Allur'd me back to heaven.

5 My grateful heart must ever glow,
 While life and strength are given ;
 With feelings, those alone can know,
 Whom thou hast led to seek below,
 The blissful hope of heaven.

HYMN 248. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN pulse beats low and cheeks grow
pale,
And storms of life are fiercely driven;
When fairest prospects, quickly fail,
How sweet to have *a hope in heaven.*
- 2 When friends, that seem'd most near and
dear,
Are from our bosoms swiftly riven,
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have *a hope in heaven.*
- 3 When lone and wand'ring far from home,
No kind relief to us is given;
O, what would then of us become,
If we had not *a hope in heaven.*
- 4 And when the end is drawing nigh,
Of life, through which we long have striven;
And we at last must droop and die,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven.

HYMN 249. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN by sin, overwhelm'd shame covers
our face,
We look unto Jesus, who saves us by grace;
We call on his name, from the gulf of despair
And he plucks us from hell, in answer to
prayer:
Prayer, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing like prayer.
- 2 When trials afflict us, and sorrows o'erflow,
When patience is weary or sunk into wo,
If to him we look, on him cast our care,
We find certain relief, in answer to prayer:
Prayer, sweet prayer,
In all our distresses, there's nothing like prayer.

3 When God we approach, through the Son of
his love,
Both his mercy and truth we know we shall prove ;
For our comfort and peace, his arm is made bare,
And his grace we receive, in answer to prayer :

Prayer, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so humble there's nothing like prayer.

4 When sickness assails, and to death we draw
near,
We'll face the grim monster, divested of fear,
In Jesus's love, we shall have a full share,
While the flame is kept bright in answer to prayer :

Prayer, sweet prayer,
Both in life and in death there's nothing like
prayer !

HYMN 250. P. M.

1 **O** MY Lord ! I've often mused
On thy wondrous love to me ;
How I have the same abused,
Slighted, disregarded thee ?
To thy church and thee a stranger,
Pleased with what displeased thee ;
Lost, yet could perceive no danger ;
Wounded, yet no wound could see.

2 But unwearied thou pursu'dst me ;
Still thy calls repeated came,
Till on Calvary's mount I view'd thee,
Bearing my reproach and blame :
Then o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,
Whilst I view each pierced limb,
Tears bedew the scourge's furrow,
Mingling with the purple stream.

3 I no more at Mary wonder,
Dropping tears upon the grave ;
Earnest asking all around her,
Where is he who died to save.

Dying love her heart attracted :
Soon she felt his rising power ;
He who Mary thus affected,
Bids his mourners weep no more.

HYMN 251. P. M.

1 **W**HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
is streaming,
When o'er the dark waves the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to cherish,
We fly to our Maker : "Save, Lord ! or wo
perish."

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord ! or we
perish."

3 And O ! when the whirlwind of passion is
raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to che-
rish,
Rebuke the destroyer : "Save, Lord ! or we
perish."

HYMN 252. P. M.

1 **W**HEN shall I see the day,
That ends my woes ?
When shall I vict'ry gain,
O'er all my foes ?
When will the trumpet sound,
That calls the exile home ?
The grand Sabbatick year,
When will it come ?

2 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepar'd for me.

O may I faithful prove,
And keep them in my view;
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour, and my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.

4 O how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin, and pain,
Shall flee away;
When all the heav'nly tribes
Shall find their long sought home;
The Jubilee of heav'n,
When will it come?

HYMN 253. P. M.

1 COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free;
From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

CHORUS.

*You'll praise God, and I'll praise God,
And we'll all praise God together;
I'll praise the Lord for the work that he has
done,
And we'll bless his name for ever.*

2 Wherefore should I feast alone?
Two are better far than one:
All that come with free good will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to mercy's door,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Goodness, running like a stream
Through the New Jerusalem,
By a constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Saints and angels sing aloud,
To behold the shining crowd,
Coming in at mercy's door,
Making still the number more.

6 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Comfort flowing every where,
And I boldly do profess
That my soul hath got a taste.

7 Now I'll go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume :
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the throne of God

8 Oh return, ye sons of grace,
Turn and see God's smiling face ;
Hark ! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam.

HYMN 254. L. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence give
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever living Head.

2 He lives triumphant o'er the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted up on high.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead my cause above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

- 4 He lives to give me full supplies,
He lives to guide me with his eyes,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to crush the fiends of hell,
He lives, and doth within me dwell;
He lives to heal, and keep me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble soul.
- 6 He lives to banish all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 7 He lives my kind and gracious friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing.
- 8 He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives my Jesus still the same,
Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives!
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

HYMN 255. C. M.

- 1 **A** MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound,)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,—
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hopes secures;

He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;

I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow.
The sun forbear to shine ;

But God, who call'd me here below
Will be for ever mine.

HYMN 256. P. M.

1 **E**NLISTED into the cause of sin
Why should a good be evil ?
Musick, alas ! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil :
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flows to the soul's undoing,
Widens and strews with flowers the way
Down to our utter ruin.

2 Who on the part of God will rise !
Innocent sounds recover ;
Fly on the prey, and seize the prize
Plunder the carnal lover ?
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure,
Musick in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure.

3 Come let us try if Jesus's love
Will not as well inspire us :
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us :
'Try if your hearts are tuned to sing
Is there a subject greater ?
Harmony all its strains may bring,
Jesus's name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of musick is,
His is the noblest passion ;

Jesus's name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation :
Jesus's name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,
Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.

5 Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us who his mercy raises !
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Joyful are all our faces.
Who of his love doth once partake.
He in the Lord rejoices ;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.

6 Then let us in his praises join ;
Triumph in his salvation ;
Glory ascribe to Love divine,
Worship and adoration :
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer ;
Only believe, and still sing on,
Heaven is ours for ever.

HYMN 257. P. M.

1 **O**H how I have long'd for the coming of God !
And sought him by praying and searching
his word ;
With watching and fasting my soul was oppress'd,
Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'd.

2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise, he answer'd my prayer ;
And glory is open'd in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying, and weeping to God ;
Their mourning and praying is heard very loud,
And many find favour in Jesus's blood.

4 Here are more, my dear Saviour, who fall at
thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great;
Oh raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujahs with angels above.

5 I'll sing, and I'll shout, and I'll shout and I'll
sing;
Oh God make the nations in praises to ring
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw
near:
Oh come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear
We long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels overwhelm'd in Jesus's love.

HYMN 258. P. M.

1 **O**H Jesus, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving I fall at thy feet;
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh, and blood,
To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord, and my God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God!
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee I never can show:

3 All human expressions are empty and vain;
They cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;
I'm sure if the tongue of an angel I had,
I could not the mystery completely describe.

4 I'm happy, I'm happy, oh wondrous account!
My joys are immortal—I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,
With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to share

5 Oh Jesus my Saviour, in thee I am blest!
My life and my treasure, my joy, and my rest,

Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my
song,

Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

6 Oh who is like Jesus ! he's Salem's bright
King ;

He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing ;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, and bow to his will,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

HYMN 259. P. M.

1 **O**H Jesus, my Saviour ! I know thou art mine ;
For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign :
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best ;
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm
blest.

2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love,
(None richer possess'd by the angels above ;)
For thee all the pleasures of sense I forego,
And wander a pilgrim despised below.

3 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
And taught me the way of salvation to find :
For when I was sinking in dreadful despair,
My Jesus reliev'd me and bid me not fear.

4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel :
The language of mortals for ever must fail ;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame :
I'm rais'd into rapture while praising his name.

5 Though weak and despised, by faith I now stand,
Preserv'd and defended by heaven's kind hand ;
By Jesus supported. I'll praise his dear name,
Regardless of danger, of praise, or of blame.

6 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer ;
In sweet meditation he always is near :
My constant companion, oh may we not part !
All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart.

7 If ever I lov'd, sure I love thee, my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways, and thy word;
I love all my brethren, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.

8 When happy in Jesus, I regard not the proud,
Tho' sinners despise me for shouting so loud;
For death will soon call me, and then I shall fly,
To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high.

9 Through millions of ages sweet notes I'll employ
In praising my Jesus, my hope and my joy:
The glorified spirits, and angels around,
Shall all be delighted to join the glad sound.

HYMN 260. P. M.

1 **S**ALVATION to Jesus, he's Zion's bright
King!

Oh God, let thy praises through all the earth ring,
We hear from the east, from the west, south and
north,

To conquer the nations the Lord's going forth.

2 Salvation to Jesus! let all the world know,
He died to redeem us from sorrow and wo,
He rose to ensure us a justified state—
Come, seek his salvation before it's too late.

3 Salvation to Jesus, he's now gone above,
Where he will prepare for us mansions of love;
He's sent down the Comforter into the world,
And causes salvation from Zion to roll.

4 Salvation to Jesus! his mercy abounds,
And sinners take shelter in his precious wounds:
They are weeping, and praying, and coming to
God,

And finding redemption in Jesus's blood.

5 Salvation to Jesus! my soul is alive—
His word is now spreading—his work doth revive,
Oh God shake the nations until they submit,
And bow down with pleasure at Jesus's feet.

6 Salvation to Jesus, my soul's in a flame :
I rise in sweet rapture at th' sound of his name :
Shout all the creation below and above.
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love,

7 Salvation to Jesus, he'll quickly appear
In bright shining glory ! he's now drawing near :
I'm going, my brethren, to meet him above,
Where I shall eternally feast on his love.

8 Salvation to Jesus, shall there be my song,
I'll meet all my brethren around the bright
throne:

With loud hallelujahs all heaven shall ring,
Salvation! Salvation! to Jesus my King!

HYMN 261. P. M.

I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Love,
I long thy salvation more fully to prove!
I love thee, I love thee, I love thee,—oh why?
Because my dear Saviour for sinners did die.

2 I love thee, I love thee, my Lord knows it well
But how much I love thee I never can tell ;
From hell and damnation my soul thou didst free,
From black desperation a rebel like me.

3 On Zion's bright mountain this news I will tell,
The strains of redemption my bosom shall swell;
With angelick ardour his love I'll proclaim,
Redemption for sinners, in Jesus's name.

4 Redemption. redemption, through Zion shall
ring,
In the flame of redemption her converts shall
sing;

Redemption, redemption, through Jesus's blood,
Is streaming from Calv'ry, and rolls like a flood.

5 We'll talk of redemption while we stay below,
We'll sing of redemption when upward we go !
When the sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd
to blood, [God.

We'll shout full redemption in the kingdom of

6 When sinking in sorrow free grace did abound,
Pursued by the devil, redemption we found :
Our harps to redemption, we'll tune ev'ry string,
Through heaven's high arches redemption shall
ring.

7 Redemption, redemption, to him that was slain,
We'll outsing the angels in this heav'nly strain ;
Redemption through Jesus for ever we'll cry ;
For men, not for angels, the Saviour did die.

8 All glory, all glory to Jesus's name,
All wisdom and power to God and the Lamb ;
To him who redeem'd us, the great 'One in 'Three,
Hosanna, hosanna through eternity.

9 The song of creation bright angels may sing,
But we'll sing redemption through Jesus our
King ;

Through ages eternal this song shall be sung,
While Jesus's glory inspires every tongue

HYMN 262. P. M.

1 **T**HE Lord is the fountain of goodness and
love,

In Eden once flowing in streams from above,
Refresh'd every moment the first happy pair,
Till sin stopp'd the torrent, and brought in despair.

2 Oh wretched condition ! what anguish and
pain !

They thirst for the fountain, and seek it in vain ;
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draft still increases their
grief.

3 Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! no more we com-
plain !

Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again :
Now mingled with mercy, and rich with free
grace,

From Zion 'tis flowing to all the lost race.

4 How happy the prospect ! how pleasant the road !

When led down the stream by the angel of God ;
Though shallow at first, yet we find it at last,
A river so boundless it cannot be past.

5 Come sinners. poor sinners ! it's boundless and free,

In Eden once flowing, 'twas open'd for thee ;
This water has virtue to heal all complaints—
Come, drink, ye diseased, and rejoice with the saints.

6 Say not, " I'm a sinner, and must not partake,"
For this very reason the Lord bids you take ;
Say not, " Too unworthy, the vilest of all :"
For *such*, not the righteous, the Lord came to call.

7 Come, all ye dead sinners, here life you may find ;

Come, all ye poor beggars, ye halt and ye blind ;
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you too ;
Come, call all your neighbours, they're welcome with you.

3 Come, Christians, let's venture along down the stream ;

The shallows are pleasing, but oh let us swim :
Let's bathe in the ocean of infinite love,
And wash, and be pure as the angels above.

HYMN 263. L. M.

1 **A** WAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise :
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
He loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, oh how great !

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, oh how strong !

4 When troubles, like a gloomy cloud,
Have gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving kindness, oh how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
Though oft his mercies I've forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail !
Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To that bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

HYMN 264. L. M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise :
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But oh his love, what tongue can tell !
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
But yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel :
My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 At last my soul has known his love,
What mercy has he made me prove !
Mercy which doth all praise excel ;
My Jesus hath done all things well

5 If e'er my Saviour and my God
Did on me lay his chast'ning rod,
I knew, whatever me befell,
My Jesus would do all things well.

6 Though many a fiery flaming dart
Be aim'd to wound me to the heart;
With this I all their rage repel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

7 Ofttimes my Lord his face did hide,
To make me pray or kill my pride;
Yet on my mind it still doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

8 Soon I shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath;
Then, then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

9 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the seraphs in the skies:
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 265. L. M.

1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Asham'd of thee! whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No—when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
And oh ! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross the shame despise ;
Dare to defend this noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 266. P. M.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !

He whose words cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode :
On the rock of ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See ! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near ;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day ;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings ;
 And as priests his solemn praises, •
 Each for a thank-offering brings.
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 267. L. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! don't you hear the Turtle Dove,
 The tokens of redeeming love !
 From hill to hill we hear the sound,
 The neighbouring valleys echo round !
 Oh Zion ! hear the Turtle Dove,
 The tokens of redeeming love :
 They're come the barren land to cheer,
 And welcome in the jubilee year.
- 2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
 We feel the chilling winds no more ;
 Sweet spring is come, and summer too,
 All things appear divinely new ;
 On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
 The resurrection's drawing nigh ;
 Behold the nations from abroad
 Are flocking to the mount of God.
- 3 The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,
 " Oh sinners, turn ! why will you die ?"
 How can you stand the gospel charms ?
 Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms :

These are the days that were foretold
In ancient times by prophets old ;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But all have died without the sight.

4 The *latter days* have now come on,
And fugitives are flocking home ;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing for the mount of God.
Oh yes, and I will join the band—
Oh here's my heart, and here's my hand ;
With Satan's bands no more I'll be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon shall be unfurl'd,
And he will come to judge the world ;
On Zion's mountain we will stand,
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land.
The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
The flames consume the land and sea ;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

HYMN 268. P. M.

1 **Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name
The name all victorious of Jesus extol !
His kingdom is glorious and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son :
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right ;
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above ;
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

HYMN 269. L. M.

- 1 **O**H who will come and go with me?
I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see:
I'll join with those who're gone before,
Where sin and sorrow are no more.
- 2 A few more rolling years at most
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast;
There, on the mount of sweet repose,
I'll bid adieu to all my woes.
- 3 O may my soul march boldly on,
And never end the blessed song;
Oh may I always persevere,
And never stop till I get there.
- 4 Oh what a happy time 'twill be,
When I my friends in heaven shall see!
There we may tell our suff'rings o'er,
When we shall reach that happy shore.
- 5 Oh what a happy company!
May I be there that sight to see,
And join in praise to Jesus's name,
All glorious in Jerusalem.
- 6 I little thought he'd been so nigh?
His speaking makes me laugh and cry;—
He said, "I'm come for thee, my love,
I have a place for thee above."
- 7 Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land;
My hand again I give to thee,
Hoping thy face in heaven to see.

HYMN 270. P. M.

- 1 **L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name;
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder;
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
 Pitied us when enemies;
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us;
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing though fierce temptation
 Threaten hard to bear us down,
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqu'ror's crown:
 He who washed us with his blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.

HYMN 271. P. M.

1 COME friends and relations, let's join heart
 and hand,
 The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
 Let's all walk together, and follow the sound,
 And march to the place where redemption is
 found.

2 The place it is hidden by reason of sin,
 You can't see the sorrowful state you are in;
 You're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain—
 Oh how can such rebels redemption obtain!

3 The place is obscured, and darkly conceal'd,
 Nor can mortals know it until it's reveal'd;
 The place is in Jesus, to him we will go,
 And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.

4 And if you are wounded and bruis'd by the fall,
 Rise up and press forward, for you he doth call,
 Or if you are tempted to doubt or despair,
 Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

5 And you, my dear brethren, that love your dear
 Lord,
 Who have witness'd free pardon by faith in his
 word,

Let patience attend you wherever you go,
Your Saviour has purchased salvation for you.

6 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in disguise ;
And when you shall see all these tokens appear,
Then lift up your heads, your redemption is near.

7 Oh then the archangel the trumpet shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep under ground,
The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,
To meet your redemption with joy in the skies.

8 And then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve ;
Then we shall be perfect, and happy, and free,
And sing of redemption wherever we be.

HYMN 272. P. M.

1 COME, all who have mercy through Jesus
Obtain'd,
The hope of salvation and pardon regain'd ;
Come join in an anthem, let praises abound,
And tell all around us what treasures we've found.

2 When sin, like a mountain tremendously great,
My soul fill'd with horror to view my sad fate ;
On the brink of destruction bewailing my case,
Was almost despairing of pardoning grace.

3 Alone on the valley, I rov'd in distress,
My sorrows too great for my tongue to express,
My heart had been always to evil inclined,
A Saviour I feared I never should find.

4 When crying in anguish and prostrate in dust,
I own'd to be sentenced from God would be just ;
The Lord by these words caus'd my sorrows to
cease,

"Thy sins are forgiven ; arise, go in peace."

5 A captive delivered from bondage and pain,
Who long in a dungeon of darkness hath lain ;

The woods and the valleys with praises did ring,
 All glory to Jesus, my Priest and my King.

6 Adieu to this world, and its foolish delight,
 No longer its trifles my passions invite ;
 I'll follow my Saviour who freedom can give,
 And cheerfully praise him as long as I live.

HYMN 273. L. M.

1 **H**AIL ! sov'reign love, that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man
 Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
 I fought with hands uplifted high ;
 Despis'd the offers of his grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding place.

4 But lo ! the eternal counsel ran,
 "Almighty love arrest the man !"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
 Stern justice cried with frowning face,
 This mountain is no hiding place.

6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
 And mercy for my soul appear'd ;
 She led me on a pleasant pace,
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

7 Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole,
 No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
 For Jesus is my hiding place.

8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That might have crush'd a world to hell;
He bore it for a sinful race,
And thus became their hiding place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Zion's coast;
There I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 274. P. M.

1 **T**HE voice of free grace
Cries escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race
Christ hath open'd a fountain.
For sin and transgression,
And every pollution,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of ablution.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchas'd our pardon;
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.*

2 That fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus's side
Flows plenteous redemption;
Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely:
Oh come to this fountain.

3 Blest Jesus, ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.
Thy name shall be praised,
In the great congregation,

And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hand,
We will praise him evermore ;
We'll range the blest fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.

HYMN 275. C. M.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus's name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre ;
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
He fix'd this floating ball ;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him, ye martyrs of you God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, -
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call ;
The God incarnate, man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 276. P. M.

1 JESUS came into the world,
And suffer'd to redeem us;
Then ascended up on high,
And sent his grace to save us!

CHORUS.

*Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
With Zion's sons and daughters.*

2 Come, all ye mourning weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven!
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the high court of heaven.

3 There is a fountain open wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Streaming from the Saviour's side,
It flows in gospel fulness.

4 Oh! seek the circumcising grace,
Be wise, do not refuse it;
For if you seek your life to save,
You will be sure to lose it.

5 The cross of Christ you'll have to bear,
Fearless of persecution;
Or groan you must when time shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.

6 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe, and you'll be justified!
Believe, and live for ever.

7 My night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul is fill'd with glory,—

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
Love's animating story.

8 Let heaven and earth with me unite,
To sing and shout hosanna ;
The lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.

9 See the crowd that's gone before,
In paths of self-denial ;
They stand on Canaan's happy shore
And wait for your arrival.

10 Come on, ye followers of the Lamb,
Be ready for to meet them ;
Now let us join and persevere,
Till we arrive in heaven.

11 There we'll altogether stand,
And praise our God and Father ;
And sing and shout on Canaan's land,
For ever and for ever.

HYMN 277. P. M.

1 **M**Y soul doth in Jesus rejoice,
My heart is o'erwhelm'd with his love ;
With pleasure I hear his sweet voice,
Which calls my affections above.

2 Farewell to all pleasures below,
Which nature and sense do afford ;
Their honours I'll freely forego,
They're nothing compar'd with my Lord.

3 All fulness in Jesus doth dwell,
All fulness of peace and of joy ;
His mercy redeem'd me from hell,—
His blood all my sins shall destroy.

4 From idols and filthiness clean,
Perfected in love I shall be ;
Then rise in his presence to reign,
His glorious perfections to see.

- 5 Yea, Lord, thy kind word I believe,
 My soul on thy promise I stay ;
 Thy Spirit the witness doth give,
 That like my dear Lord I shall be.
- 6 Kind Jesus, impatient I wait ;
 Now, Lord, the full blessing impart :
 In holiness make me complete,
 Then take me to dwell where thou art.

HYMN 278. P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the heralds of salvation,
 Joyful news the angels bring,
 God himself in flesh hath entered,
 Jesus is the newborn King.
 Hail, all glory, hail, all glory,
 Let the whole creation sing.
- 2 Shepherds start from midnight slumber,
 See the glory shining round,
 Gazing on the blaze they wonder,
 Till they're prostrate on the ground
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 By the shepherds, doth resound.
- 3 Fear not, shepherds, saith the angel,
 Banish sorrow from your eyes ;
 For in Bethlehem's coarse manger,
 Christ, a spotless infant, lies :
 See Jehovah ! see Jehovah !
 Veil'd in clay below the skies.
- 4 Haste away, ye eastern sages,
 See, the star proclaims your God ;
 Fear not Herod, tho' he rages,
 Sending peals of death abroad :
 Rachel mourning, Rachel mourning,
 For her children he destroyed.
- 5 Sinners roar, each saint rejoices,
 At the great Redeemer's birth

Angels join their cheerful voices,
 "Good will to men, peace on earth :"

Hallelujah : hallelujah !

Glory in the Saviour's birth.

6 Let all people have salvation,
 Saith the heralds from above ;
 Sound his name through every nation,
 Teach the world redeeming love :
 Go, ye heralds ! Go, ye heralds !
 Spread his name where'er ye rove.

7 Jesus, spread thy gospel glory,
 Save poor dying souls from hell ;
 Let all nations bow before thee,
 Love thy name, and with thee dwell :
 Haste ye heralds ! haste ye heralds !
 Dear Redeemer's name to tell.

HYMN 279. P. M.

1 **L**O ! he cometh ! countless trumpets
 Blow, to raise the sleeping dead ;
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
 See their great exalted Head.

Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Through th' eternal deep resounds ;
 Now resplendent shine his nail prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds :

They who pierced him

Shall at his appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear :
 Truth and justice go before him,
 Now the joyful sentence hear.

Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome, Judge divine

4 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Enter into life and joy ;

Banish all your fears and sorrows,
 Endless praise be your employ."
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King ;
 There, with all the hosts of heaven,
 They eternal anthems sing.
 Hallelujah,
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 280. P. M.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place.
 Sun and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ,
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source.
 Thus a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

HYMN 281. P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT wondrous love is this, O my soul
 O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, that caus'd the Lord
 of bliss,
 To send this precious peace to my soul, to my soul.
 To send this precious peace to my soul.
- 2 When I was sinking down, &c.
 When I was sinking down, &c.
 When I was sinking down, beneath God's right
 cous frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul, for my
 soul,
 Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul!
- 3 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and voices
 sing,
 And strike each tuneful string in his praise, &c.
 And strike each tuneful string in his praise.
- 4 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, &c.
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing,
 To God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM!
 While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.
 While millions join the theme, I will sing.
- 5 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, &c
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and
 joyful be;
 And through eternity I'll sing on, &c.
 And through eternity I'll sing on.

HYMN 282. P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore:

- Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wake above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;
 Sheathed his sword :—he speaks ; 'tis done :
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With inimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away :
 Then the end ; beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

HYMN 283. P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR when in dust, to thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
 O, by all thy pains and wo,
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our penitential cry.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,
 By thy human griefs and fears,
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness :
 By thy vict'ry in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's pow'r ;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our penitential cry.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorns,
By thy Cross—thy pangs and cries
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our penitential cry.

4 By the deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy pow'r from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heav'n restor'd,
Prince and Saviour hear our cry,
Hear! O hear, or else we die.

HYMN 284. L. M.

1 **O**H, thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide.
My love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm, and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions not remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

6 I hold by nothing here below ;
 Appoint my journey and I go ;
 Though pierc'd by scorn. oppress'd by pride,
 I feel thee good—feel nought beside.

7 No frowns of men can hurtful prove
 To souls on fire with heavenly love ;
 Though men and devils both contemn,
 No gloomy days arise from them.

8 Ah then ! to his embrace repair ;
 My soul, thou art no stranger there ;
 There love divine shall be thy guard,
 And peace and safety thy reward.

HYMN 285. C. M.

1 “**I** LOVE the Lord,” is still the strain
 My heart delights to sing ;
 Though oft my heart suggests again,
 “Perhaps ’tis no such thing.”

2 Before the power of love divine
 Creation fades away ;
 Till only God is seen to shine
 In all that we survey.

3 Nor exile I, nor prison fear ;
 Love makes my courage great ;
 I find a Saviour every where,
 His grace in every state.

4 Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep
 Exclude his quick’ning beams ;
 There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
 And dwell on heavenly themes.

5 A Saviour kindles all my joys,
 And sweetens all my pains ;
 His strength in my defence employs,
 Consols me, and sustains.

6 I fear no ill, resent no wrong,
Nor feel a passion move
When malice whets her sland'rous tongue;
Such patience is in love.

HYMN 286. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD and his law are my delight,
My glory and my song;
My sure support by day and night,
The pleasure of my tongue.
- 2 When darkness overspreads my mind,
His word supports me still,
I'm there convinc'd that God is kind.
Though I no comfort feel.
- 3 Are my afflictions sharp and long?
Does pain extreme ensue?
God's word I trust, his arm is strong,
His wisdom bears me through.
- 4 Glory to thee, thou God of love,
For favours so divine;
Who taught my heart to soar above,
And made those blessings mine.
- 5 Had not thy word been my relief,
Had not thy truth sustain'd,
I must have perish'd in my grief,
No other help remain'd.

HYMN 287. S. M

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

- 3 While he affords his aid,
I'm free from every fear;
Tho' I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 4 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 5 The bounties of thy love,
Shall crown my following days:
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

HYMN 288. L. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, renounce your fears
Lo! Jesus for your help appears,
And loudly speaks as he draws nigh,
"Be not afraid, for *it is I*."
- 2 When in the awful tempest tost,
You feel your strength and courage lost,
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
Your Lord is near, *be not afraid*.
- 3 When mournful tidings come from far,
Or nations raise tumultuous war,
And wide their devastations spread,
Yet he is near, *be not afraid*.
- 4 The famine, pestilence, and sword,
Are all obedient to his word;
He, riding on the stormy sky,
Says, "Fear ye not, for *it is I*."
- 5 When earthly joys are from you torn,
Or when with heartfelt grief you mourn,
To see your dear relations dead;
Yet Jesus lives, *be not afraid*.
- 6 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is still the same;

In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.

7 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,
And flames consume the guilty world,
Even then your judge will smiling cry,
"Be not afraid, for *it is I*."

HYMN 289. L. M.

1 **I**N what confusion earth appears !
God's dearest children bath'd in tears ;
While they who heaven itself deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my soul attend,
And, ere I censure, view the end ;
That end, how different ! who can tell
The wide extremes of heaven and hell ?

3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who di'd in gold and purple shine !
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain
T' allay the scorching of his pain.

4 While round the saints, so poor below,
Full rivers of salvation flow :
On Abra'm's breast he leans his head,
And banquets on celestial bread.

5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share
The meanest of thy servant's fare ;
May I at last approach to taste
The blessings of thy marriage feast.

HYMN 290. L. M.

1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 Oh Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;

Defend me through each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say "Peace. be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN 291. P. M.

1 **T**HEY who trust in Christ the Saviour
Never shall confounded be:
Through his merits all find favour
Who to God for mercy flee.
Though by guilt and sin depraved,
Though by grief and fear oppress'd:
Call upon him, and be saved,
He will give eternal rest.

2 He binds up the broken hearted,
He proclaims the pris'ner free;
None shall ever be deserted
Who to him for refuge flee.
Cast on him thy every burden,
He thy spirit will sustain;
He hath promis'd peace and pardon,
None shall seek his face in vain.

3 When with torrents of temptation
Satan shall thy soul assail,
Then the standard of salvation
Shall against the foe prevail.

He will give both grace and glory,
No good thing will he deny ;
He a table spreads before thee,
And shall all thy wants supply.

HYMN 292. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis musick to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there :
The noblest balm of all his wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath ;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 293. S. M.

- 1 **T**O keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl ;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

- 3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never *may*!
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, 'I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.

HYMN 294. C. M.

- 1 **O**FT as the leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.
- 2 Awhile I would have pass'd for well,
And strove my spots to hide;
Till it broke out incurable,
Too plain to be denied.
- 3 Then from the saints I sought to flee
And dreaded to be seen;
I thought they all would point at me,
And cry, "Unclean, unclean!"
- 4 What anguish did my soul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd?
The more I strove myself to cure,
The more the plague increas'd
- 5 While thus I lay distress'd,
I saw the Saviour passing by

To him, though fill'd with shame and awe
I raised my mournful cry.

6 Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do :

Oh cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew !

7 He heard, and with a gracious look,
Pronounc'd the healing word ;

"I will, be clean," and while he spoke,
I felt my health restored.

8 Come lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove ;

He *can* relieve, for he is power,
He *will*, for he is love.

HYMN 295. P. M.

1 **F**ROM the regions of love,
Lo ! an angel descended
And told the strange news
How the babe was attended ;
Go, shepherds, and visit
This wonderful stranger,
See yonder bright star—
There's your Lord in the manger

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchas'd our pardon,
We'll praise him again
When we pass over Jordan.*

2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation ;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation :
When sudden a multitude
Raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer
While heaven rejoices

3 Now glory to God
 In the highest is given,
 Now glory to God
 Is re-echo'd through heaven.
 Around the whole earth
 Let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love,
 His salvation and glory.

4 Enraptured I burn
 With delight and desire,
 A love so divine
 Sets my soul all on fire !
 Around the bright throne
 Now hosannas are ringing,
 Oh, when shall I join them,
 And be ever singing !

6 Triumphantly ride
 In thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love,
 Oh, Jesus, all glorious !
 Thy banner unfurl,
 Bid the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour,
 Their King and defender.

HYMN 296. L. M.

1 **W**HEN marshall'd on the brightly plain,
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gen ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud—the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my peril o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

HYMN 297. P. M.

- 1 **W**HIO is this that comes from Edom ?
 All his raiment's stain'd with blood
 To the slave proclaiming freedom ;
 Bringing and bestowing good—
 Glorious in the garb he wears ;
 Glorious in the spoils he bears ?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
 Trav'ling onward in his night ;
 'Tis the Saviour, oh how glorious
 To his people is the sight !
 Jesus now is strong to save ;
 Mighty to redeem the slave.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining
 'Tis the blood of many slain :
 Of his foes there's none remaining :
 None the contest to maintain.
 Fall'n they are no more to rise ;
 All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty victor, reign for ever :
 Wear the crown so dearly won •
 Never shall thy people, never
 Cease to sing what thou hast done ?
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;
 Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

HYMN 298. P. M.

- 1 FROM gloomy dejection my thoughts mount
 the sky,
 And realms ever peaceful, transported descry;
 There joys ever blooming, enrapture the soul,
 And rivers of pleasure incessantly roll.
- 2 There sorrow nor sighing can never infest,
 Nor Satan harass, nor the wicked molest;
 But where rest perpetual the weary obtain,
 Their harvest of joy and their infinite gain.
- 3 Ere long when those shadows shall all be with-
 drawn,
 Extinguish'd before the glad light of the dawn;
 Which rises to scatter the mourner's sad gloom,
 And bury for ever their woes in the tomb.
- 4 I too shall inherit the heavenly prize,
 'To scenes of bright glory my soul shall arise,
 With rapture ineffable join the glad throng,
 And, fill'd with new wonder, unite in the song.
- 5 If such be my portion, why should I complain?
 Why cherish despondence, why sadness retain?
 Is sorrow then meet for an heir of the skies,
 Who shortly to blessings unbounded shall rise?
- 6 No longer I'll murmur, no longer repine,
 But joy 'midst those troubles, since heaven is
 mine;
 Then deep in oblivion be sunk every fear,
 Be erased from my bosom each trace of despair.
- 7 How glorious the scheme that grace doth
 enhance,
 Our hopes to enliven, our bliss to advance!
 It fills me with transport, my joys overflow,
 Too big for expression, ecstasick they grow.
- 8 Oh aid me, ye angels, its wonders to tell,
 Encompass the theme, in full sympathy dwell;
 But still it enlarges—no angel can scan,
 The scheme of redemption, the wonderful plan.

HYMN 299. C. M.

- 1 **G**O forth into the wilderness,
And preach the word to all ;
Go tell them of their wretchedness,
Sustained by the fall.
- 2 Go fill the world with solemn awe,
For me who form'd the skies ;
And tell them how they've broke my law,
Which makes mine anger rise.
- 3 Forsake your friends, and brethren too,
And lean upon my word,
I then will bear you conqu'ror through,
And take you home to God.
- 4 Farewell to all my prospects here,
My Saviour doth command ;
He bids me preach, and not to fear
The devil's mighty hand.
- 5 The sword is put into my hand,
The shoes are on my feet ;
I now am bound for Canaan's land,
And never will retreat.
- 6 Go on, ye aged souls, go on
The good old way above,
Oh that the Lord would now come down
And fill us with his love.
- 7 My younger friends, I speak to you,
Now here's my heart and hand ;
The good old way let us pursue,
And keep our Lord's command.

HYMN 300. P. M.

- 1 **A**Lmighty love inspire,
My soul with sacred fire,
And animate desire,
My soul to renew •

I love my blessed Jesus,
On whom each angel gazes,
And symphony increases,
Above the ethereal blue.

CHORUS.

*And O give him glory,
And O give him glory,
And O give him glory,
For glory is his own;
Yes, you may give him glory,
And I will give him glory,
We'll shout and give him glory,
When we arrive at home.*

2 My tender-hearted Jesus,
Thy love my soul amazes,
Thou diedst for to save us,
When lost and undone.
No seraph could redeem us,
No angel could retrieve us,
No arm could relieve us,
But Jesus alone.

3 In him I have believed,
He has my soul retrieved,
From sin he has redeemed,
My soul which was dead;
And now I love my Saviour,
For I am in his favour,
And hope with him for ever,
The golden streets to tread.

4 Yet here awhile I stay,
In hopes of that glad day,
When I am called away,
To the mansions above;
There to enjoy the treasure,
Of unconsuming pleasure,
And shout in highest measure,
Hallelujahs of love.

5 In hopes of seeing Jesus,
 When all my conflicts ceases,
 To him my love increases,
 To worship and adore :
 Come, then, my blessed Saviour
 Vouchsafe to me thy favour,
 To dwell with thee for ever,
 When time shall be no more,

6 Then in the blooming garden
 Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
 Upon the banks of Jordan,
 We'll worship the Lamb :
 We'll sing the song of Moses,
 While Jesus sweet composes
 A song that never closes,
 Of praises to his name.

7 See yonder is the glory,
 It lies but just before me,
 And there we'll tell the story,
 Of all-redeeming love ;
 And there we shall for ever,
 Drink of the flowing river,
 And ever, ever, ever,
 Surround the throne of love.

HYMN 301. P. M.

1 **T**HE morning sun rose bright and clear
 On Abraham's tent it gaily shone ;
 And all was bright and cheerful there,
 All save the patriarch's heart alone.
 While God's command arose to mind,
 It forc'd into his eye a tear,
 Although his soul was all resign'd,
 Yet nature fondly linger'd there

2 The simple morning feast was spread,
 And Sarah at the banquet smil'd,
 Joy o'er her face its lustre spread,
 For near her sat her only child.

The charms that pleas'd a monarch's eye,
Upon her cheek had left their trace,
His highly augur'd destiny,
Was written on his heavenly face.

3 The groaning father turn'd away,
And walk'd the inner tent apart,
He felt his fortitude decay,
While nature whisper'd in his heart :
Oh ! must this son, to whom was giv'n,
The promise of a blessed land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of Heaven,
Be slain by a fond father's hand ?

4 This son, for whom my eldest born,
Was sent an outcast from his home :
And in some wilderness forlorn,
A savage exile doom'd to roam !
But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod ?
Shall he be backward to fulfil
The known and certain will of God ?

5 Arise, my son, the cruet fill,
And store the scrip with due supplies.
For we must seek Moriah's hill,
And offer there a sacrifice.
The mother rais'd a speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there,
She fear'd the desert drear and dry,
She fear'd the savage lurking there.

6 Abrah'm beheld and made reply,
On him from whom our blessings flow
My sister, (we by faith rely :)
'Tis God's command and we must go.
The duteous son in haste obey'd,
The scrip was fill'd, the mules prepar'd,
And with the third day's twilight shade,
Moriah's lofty hill appear'd.

7 The menials they at distance wait,
Alone ascend the son and sire,

The wood on Israel's shoulder laid,
 The wood to build his funeral pyre.
 No passions sway'd the father's mind,
 He felt a calm, a death-like chill,
 His soul was chaste and all resign'd,
 Bow'd meekly, tho' he shudder'd still.

8 While on the mountain's brow they stood,
 With smiling wonder Isaac cries,
 My father, lo! the fire and wood,
 But where's the lamb for sacrifice?
 The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind,
 While Abraham answer'd low and calm,
 With steady voice, and look resign'd,
 God will himself provide the lamb.

9 But lo! the father bound his son,
 And laid him on the funeral pile,
 And then stretch'd forth his trembling hand,
 And took the knife to slay his child.
 While Abrah'm rais'd the blade full high;
 To execute his God's command,
 An angel's voice, as from the sky,
 Cry'd, Abraham, spare thine only son!

10 But let no pen profane like mine,
 On holiest themes too rashly dare,
 Turn to the Book of books divine,
 And read the precious promise there.
 Ages on ages roll'd away,
 At length the hour appointed came,
 When on the mountain Calvary,
 God did himself provide the Lamb.

HYMN 302. P. M.

1 JESUS to every willing mind,
 Opens a heavenly treasure;
 In him the sons of sorrow find
 Sources of real pleasure;
 See what employments men pursue;
 'Then you will own my word's are true,

Jesus alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleasure.

2 Poor are the joys that fools esteem,
Fading and transitory ;
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a delusive story :
Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind ;
Only in Jesus can we find
Pleasure and solid glory.

3 Learning, that boasting, glittering thing
Scarcely is worth possessing :
Riches for ever on the wing,
Scarce can be call'd a blessing :
Fame like a shadow flies away,
Titles and dignities decay,
Nought but religion can display
Joys that are freed from trouble.

4 Beauty, with all its gaudy show,
Is but a painted bubble ;
Short are the triumphs wit bestow,
Full of deceit and trouble ;
Sensual pleasures swells desire,
Just as the fuel feeds the fire,
Religion can real bliss inspire,
Bliss that is worth possessing.

HYMN 303. P. M.

DON'T you see my Jesus coming ?
Don't you see him in yonder cloud ?
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd ?

CHORUS.

*Well-beloved, blessed Saviour,
Well-beloved Priest and King !
All glory to the Lamb that was slain,
For us he did salvation bring.*

- 2 Don't you see his arms extended ?
 Don't you hear his charming voice ?
 Each loving heart beats high for glory—
 Oh ! my Jesus is my choice.
- 3 Don't you see the saints ascending ?
 Hear them shouting thro' the air !
 Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
 Now his glory they shall share.
- 4 Don't you see the heavens open ?
 And the saints in glory there :
 Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
 Glory, glory, glory, here !
- 5 Come, backsliders, tho' you've pierc'd him
 And have caus'd his church to mourn ;
 Yet you may regain free pardon,
 If you will to him return.
- 6 Now behold each loving spirit,
 Shout the praise of his dear name,
 View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
 While his presence feeds the flame.
- 7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
 By our dear Redeemer's side :
 Shouting glory, glory, glory,
 While eternal ages glide.

HYMN 304. L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for me !

CHORUS.

*O the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
 The Lamb on Calvary,
 The Lamb that was slain,
 But lives again to intercede for me.*

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! when nature shakes
 And earth's strong pillars bend ?
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul!" he cries;
 See where he bows his sacred head!
 He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chains,
 And in full glory shine;
 O Lamb of God was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 305. P. M.

1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way :
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the
 tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom,
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
 God;
 Away from yon heaven that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet,
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul

HYMN 306. P. M.

1 **W**HEN souls are first converted,
 They mount on wings above.
 The world thinks they're distracted
 Because they're filled with love.

They fly from every evil,
 They trust in God alone,
 They long to get to Heaven,
 Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh and Satan
 Beset them on each hand,
 Bestrew their paths with evil,
 Debar them from that land:

But Jesus still invites you,
 Come follow, follow me,
 And I will fight your battles
 And gain your liberty.

3 O! why are you dismayed,
 The Saviour now inquires,
 When we are getting ready,
 And just are going to rise;
 To rise above, triumphing,
 In that bright world of joy,
 Where all things are provided,
 There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that bright morning,
 When all the saints get home,
 When we arrive at heaven,
 Our most desired home.

I'll try to live a Christian
 While here below I stay,
 I'll watch and I'll be sober,
 I'll watch and try to pray.

HYMN 307. P. M.

1 **A**MONG the Jewish nations one Daniel there
 was found,
 Whose unexampled piety astonish'd all around,

They saw him very pious and faithful to the Lord,
Three times a day he bowed to supplicate his God.

2 Among the King's high princes this Daniel was
the first,
The King preferr'd the spirit this Daniel did possess;
His unexampled piety, sustain'd their jealousy,
The princes sought his ruin,—obtain'd a firm
decree.

3 Should any man or woman, a supplication bring,
For thirty days ensuing, save unto thee, O King :
To any lord or master, or any other man,
They should without distinction, fall in the lions'
den.

4 But now when Daniel heard it, straight to his
house he went,
To beg his God's protection, 'twas all his whole
intent ;
His windows being open, before his God he bow'd,
The princes were assembled, they saw him wor-
ship God.

5 They came to King Darius. and spake of his
decree,
Saying, that Hebrew, Daniel doth nothing care for
thee :
Before his God he boweth three times in every
day,
With all his windows open, and we have heard
him pray.

6 Now when Darius heard it, his soul did sore
lament,
He set his heart on Daniel, the sentence to prevent ;
The Princes then assembled, and to the King they
said,
Remember your great honour, likewise the laws
you made.

7 Darius then commanded that Daniel should be
brought,
And cast into the lions' den, because the Lord he
sought ;
The King then said to Daniel, That God whom you
adore,
Will save you from the lions, and bless you ever-
more.

8 The King went to his palace, and fasted all the
night,
He neither eat nor drank, nor in musick took de-
light ,
So early the next morning he stole along the way.
And came unto the lions' den, where this bold
Hebrew lay.

9 Then with a voice of mourning, to Daniel cried
aloud,
Saying, O Daniel, Daniel, thou servant of the
Lord ;
Is not thy God sufficient for to deliver thee ?
That God in whom thou trustest, and serves con-
tinually.

10 My God hath sent his angel and shut the lions'
jaws,
So that they have not hurt me, my enemies they
saw ;
Then straight the King commanded to take him
out the den,
Because in God he trusted, no harm was found in
him.

11 See how the faithful Daniel, fear'd not the face
of clay,
'Twas not the King's commandment that made him
cease to pray ,
He knew that God was with him, to save his soul
from death,
He trusted in Jehovah, and prayed at every breath.

HYMN 308. P. M.

- 1 **A** FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs always
 free;
 For washing and cleaning such sinners as we:
 Our sins, though like crimson, made white as the
 wool,
 No lack in the fountain, but always is full.
- 2 All things are now ready, he invites us to
 come,
 The supper is made by the Father and Son;
 Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may re-
 ceive,
 A living for ever, if we will believe.
- 3 The guests which were bidden refused the
 call,
 For they were not ready nor willing at all,
 To be stripp'd of their honour and part with their
 store,
 For a feast that was given and made for the poor.
- 4 If they are not ready and wish to delay,
 My house shall be filled, the Father doth say:
 The highways and hedges, the halt and the
 blind,
 Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.
- 5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich
 kind,
 A garment not woven, but richly refin'd;
 Redeem'd by Jesus, made heirs with the King,
 A plan of the Father in glory to sing.

HYMN 309. C. M.

For Lord's day Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye:

- 2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

HYMN 310. S. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest :
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 311. P. M.

1 **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart,
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS.

*Sinners can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he di'd for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his arms.*

2 Now he pleads his sweat and blood shed,
Shows his wounded hands and feet,
Father, save them, tho' they're blood-red,
Raise them to a heavenly seat.

3 Sinners hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
Oh repent, return, and pray.

4 Oh be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife,
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Turn upon the events of life.

5 Now he's waiting to be gracious ;
Now he stands and looks on thee ;
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shines around on you and me.

6 Open your hearts now before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
Now receive, and O adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

7 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more ;
O ye blind, ye lame, and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.

HYMN 312. P. M. .

1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must but should not fear,
Foes we have but we've a friend,
One who loves us to the end ;
Forward then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares ;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet—
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within ;
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home.

HYMN 313. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

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